

HEAL WRITING WORKSHOPS

MORNING ROUTINE

Shannon Lyons, Class of 2020

I start the night before. I need every second I can get in the morning since I'm usually seven minutes late. I pour the water from a jug made of plastic. Not the best for recycling, the weight of the near full jug pulls down like a conscience beaten by hypocrisy. The Malbec colored reusable pod is filled with a strong blend, pre-ground because the grinder I got for Christmas from my mom is still in the drawer unopened. But at least I'm using the grounds which I got at Fresh Market after staring at the options an absurd amount of time, blocking the view of the moms coming by to grab a few nonessentials before 3pm hits and school lets out. The alarm goes off in a dark room and it's time. I push the button and sit on a green wicker chair I purchased for a few bucks at a garage sale with my Mimi, while getting furnishings for my overpriced, under maintained college row house. The smell of cliché fills the air, the silky scent offers a strip tease to my socially acceptable addiction of the caffeine infusion to come. I hear a dampened thud. How can such small feet create such noise? This pulls my mind off the surf of the swirling dust and back to this kitchen in this moment, somehow eight minutes late, out of time. Cup in hand. Bags on arms. Time to going, going, gone.

UNTITLED

Anna Fulghum, Class of 2019

You can already feel the heat rising from the bleached sand. Rolling waves beckon cool refreshment. Run, run, run to the water! Splash into waves like you've never touched water before. Dive head first into the oncoming wall of water. Smooth silk running along every pore, envelopment.

Every semester, HEAL hosts a writing workshop for the medical students at the College of Medicine's main campus. In the fall of 2016, students responded to the following prompt: "Describe a common activity—cleaning the house, dancing, fishing, painting a picture, bathing a child, cooking a meal—which could serve as a metaphor for your life, for how you are in the world. Write about this activity in a way that is unique and utterly your own."

CLEANING THE HOUSE

Michael Tandlich, Class of 2020

The house hasn't been cleaned in weeks. There is a mat by the front door, and a closet, with a place to leave pairs of shoes, but shoes are never removed and placed there, leaving busy trails on the tile floor. There is a sponge by the sink and a bottle of soap, and even an extra bottle in the cabinets beneath, yet dishes are stacked with traces of being barely rinsed. The home remains a dirt-sprinkled, dust-collecting mess. Behind a hallway closet stands an unpackaged vacuum, its utility as faded as the silence of its dark, cardboard box. The home owner says he has been too busy to clean, yet has had time to open cabinets and open books and leave on the TV. Things are opened and turned on everywhere and left that way.

UNTITLED

Sana Azam, Class of 2020

I get out of bed every morning, unaware of the rooster that will crow in the next two hours. I tackle the blanket shrouding me, to break free of serotonin . . . deep enchantment. My eyes strain against the sanguine digits of the clock, trying to suck the blood from my veins, willing me to stay at rest, despite the peel of the alarm, reminding me there is another day's "cuckoo" still to be heard.