

LADYBUG

Stephen Quintero, MD
Department of Family Medicine & Rural Health

In the golden meadow,
In the warm sun I lay.
Trying to lighten my burden away,
My troubles and sorrows flickered the more,
Til my head and my heart were nothing but sore.

Then suddenly a tickle on my left hand,
The little black feet did softly land.
It was round and orange with two little black spots,
It was tiny, so small; no more than a dot.

It crawled up my finger to the very top tip,
Where it waltzed a little circle and then seemed to dip.
Why around it went then down and then up,
All the way back to the tippy tip top.

Was it sent for me or here merely by chance?
I wondered and pondered as I watched it dance.
My heart was warmed and my face had a smile,
The burdens I'd suffered had gone for a while.

This littlest creature had held back the rain,
With its strange little dance, it erased all my pain.
With one last scurry it went to the top,
Then it turned and it faced me and came to a stop.

Then it curtsied and dipped and with a small bow,
Seemed to declare it was finished for now.
Two little curtains parted with grace,
They hid the smallest of wings, barely a trace.

In the spark of a moment it flew through the air,
Swaying this way and that way and with it my cares.

Dr. Quintero is an associate professor in the Department of Family Medicine and Rural Health and also serves as the Medical Director of TMH Transition Center and the Medical Director of School of Physician Assistant Practice.

PRETTY MISLEADING (A LOVE POEM)

Caitlin Marquis, Class of 2023

A pretty plate of food is brightly colored
with greens, yellows, oranges, and browns.
A pretty plate of food is well-balanced,
with 60% raw and 40% cooked.
But sometimes, a pretty plate of food is just that—
pretty.
Appealing to the eyes, but hard to swallow, to chew.
Each bite, harsher than the last.
Sometimes, we may pass on the pretty plate of food.

LOVE

Ghazal Farajzadeh, MS, Class of 2023

The Sun
Most days we want more of it
Some days a little less
Only to realize when it's gone
How much we miss it
Most mornings, you welcome
The kiss of its rays
Upon your face
Only to feel its sting
When you forget your SPF –
Still, it brings out your best,
Turning your skin to a soft glow.
And it brings out your worst
When it burns and that same skin peels off.
But we can't live without it.
Because through the many moods
Of the sun
We still want it.