

## Shell

Eva Bellon

There are moments  
In almost every day  
Where I allow myself to forget  
All that I am  
When I first wake  
With the specks of morning  
Shining on my face  
And I smile because I can forget  
My mind will leave behind  
The shell that encases me  
Ignore its creaks and groans  
A storm battered house  
Still standing because of infrastructure  
And when I laugh  
I don't think of the place  
From which that laugh escapes  
The tiny tubes and tunnels  
Miniature balloons of life  
That can cause so much pain  
When ruptured  
I speak of it all from a distance  
I dissociate from the things  
That define what I am  
I rationalize it as my purpose  
In the world I have chosen  
Merely an interesting fact  
On my path to healing  
But sometimes I can forget  
Allow myself to be a past  
That no longer exists  
I push myself to hide away from this  
Inside the Id  
It never forgets  
She screams what I am to the interior  
Deafening roars of protest  
War my forgetfulness  
Then there is my shell  
Tattered and young  
Confused by the violence  
Never forgetting  
Where I have been

■ **Eva Bellon** is a fourth year medical student at The Florida State University and former student editor of HEAL.

■ **Fernando Guarderas** is a second year medical student at The Florida State University College of Medicine.

## Cowboy Winter

Carol Faith Warren

Once upon a winter's night  
The snow was blowing hard.  
Throwing kisses made of ice,  
It whipped across the yard.  
It beckoned to a snowman;  
It wanted him to play.  
It raced along the ridge line  
And chased the cows away.  
It sang along the wire  
Until the fences broke.  
It whistled in the chimney  
And curled up in the smoke.  
I stepped outside to ask it  
Please to go away,  
But it shoved me in a snowdrift  
And now I'm here to stay.  
In the spring time  
They'll find me  
As froz' as froz' can be;  
They'll bury me in spring time  
Beneath the tall pine trees.

■ **Carol Faith Warren** is a Maguire Medical Library associate. "As a Maguire Medical Library associate since 2002 I have watched our school and our students grow. It has been an amazing journey. The love and dedication of our students touch me and make me a better, stronger person. I believe in a better world because I see it in our students. Poetry is a reflection of what we feel and who we are. Sometimes, things too profound to express verbally, can be experienced and shared through the written word. For me that is where HEALing begins." -Carol Faith Warren



## LET IT SNOW

Alexandra Mannix

Better, best  
In a race I cannot win.  
Everything must shine  
Like that sparkling pressed carbon  
You so desperately want me to wear.  
You miss the leaves  
And the first perfectly original snow flake.  
You miss the sunrise  
In your tired haze of alarm clocks.  
As the first snow flake falls  
On the autumn colored leaves at dawn,  
I'll hit the snooze button  
And sleep in.

■ **Alexandra Mannix** is a third year medical student at The Florida State University College of Medicine.