

Numbers :)

Angela Guzmán

I was a 4.3 in high school
Number 5 in my class
Maintained a 3.8 for 2 years in college
but this love affair did not last
We were torn apart by the second round of Organic Chemistry
Our relationship
Too shattered to be mended

I pretended I could win you back
Licking my wounds, I pressed forward
Working harder
Longer hours
Poisoned relationships
Broken friendships—
I lost focus of life
And I lost faith in my ability to birth
this dream that lived within me
I bled for Biochemistry and with Physics
I went to war
My greatest enemy was myself
I did not rest
I had no peace
I built my life around a dream
That revolved around a test
I must confess that my aptitude was mauled by my attitude
20 years of self-love torn apart in 2

Into Bridge I was accepted
Still infected by the mentality of my past
I harbored an insatiable thirst for perfection
Desperation permeated my self-reflection
Despite the smile upon my face
I struggled secretly with self-acceptance
Numbers haunted me
Scores defined me, and I defiled myself
By refusing to put myself first
Because I was trapped in a system that used numbers to define my academic worth

Lost and Alone
I decided that freedom was the key
So I smashed the definition of the numbers in front of me
Now I laugh when I used to cry
And smile at every number
Through meditation I found definition
Redefined my self-worth
And now KNOW that I am so much more than a number on a paper
From these chains I'm unbound
Irrevocable freedom
Eternal Joy
I embrace this and so much more
I am MORE than just a score and a number— I've found freedom
Will you join me?

Farewell My Heart

Aruna S. Khan

As sunflowers long for incessant sunlight
And darkness yearns for sparkling starlight,
I trek mountain tops to catch a glimpse of my knight
Whose radiance exceeds this incandescent candlelight.

You traverse the contours of my mind each day
From dawn to dusk you gallop in fine display.
No rest in sight for you at night
As you invest my dreams while I sleep tight.

We contrast as starkly as a plebeian and patrician
Yet you captivate me like a magnetic magician.
Though crossing paths was beautifully blissful
I bid you adieu wailfully wistful.

■ **Aruna S. Khan** is a first year medical student and editor of HEAL. Originally from Trinidad and Tobago, Aruna migrated to South Florida in 2003. She graduated from Florida Atlantic University in 2008 with a BS in Biology. Aruna enjoys going to church, likes to run, and she loves writing poetry. About poetry, Aruna has this to say: "Poetry is what I turn to during the ups and downs in life; so for every significant and noteworthy event that has occurred during my time here on earth this far, there is a written piece of art inscribed around it."

The Art of the Right Turn

Carol Warren

When Left is a peril,
Slowing and snarling,
Free flowing traffic
Turns Right!

When horns are honking
And drivers scream,
Take the course that is safest—
Turn Right!

When your troubles stack up
like a mountain
And your road has a hairpin turn,
Slow it down, take a breath,
and remember—
Turn Right!

When the traffic ahead is daunting
And your route has nowhere to go,
If on your left hand life is confusing,
Turn Right!



Stadium and Call
Trung Tran