

## Comments Anatomy Project 12/16/03

Hi [REDACTED]. How nice you decided to participate in the Anatomy Creative Project option! I really enjoyed this stream-of-consciousness poem from the perspective of the cadaver. It all made perfect sense to me, and effectively rehumanized the body. You painted a wonderfully realized picture of someone who perhaps was not appreciated in life, wanted to be so in death, and had all the natural human second-guessing anxieties about the choice s/he'd made. The most poignant part, as you intended, was the last line. Of course s/he would want to go "somewhere warm" after being in anatomy lab for so long! Thanks for submitting this work. Regards, Dr. Shapiro

Hi [REDACTED]. I was happy to see you chose to do the Anatomy Creative Project option. Wow! Is this a great poem or what. I really, really liked it! The irony (and consistency) of the opening and closing lines – no "time for anything more than a physical relationship" – is simply wonderful, since the whole "middle" of the poem becomes an exploration (dissection?) of the relationship on many levels. The tone of the poem is so intimate ("you must understand") that it belies the objectivity for which the narrator claims to be striving; and of course the concept of "a purely physical relationship" inevitably conjures up a sexual liaison. Your use of language is also lovely – arteries "supple as silk," "treasuring" the patient's well-cared for body are rich and evocative; while "razor's edge" suggest the cadaver is not the only one at risk for dissection! I'm very impressed. Regards, Dr. Shapiro

Oh yes, [REDACTED], way to write up a storm! What an absolutely great poem this is. It cuts to the bone (pun intended, as was your reference), draws blood, and is just all-around strong, good, clean writing. You have simply incredible insights into this patient (VA again, am I right?) as when, for example, you discuss the potential meaning of his struggle to survive. And that last stanza – wow! It avoids all of the slightly mealy-mouthed imagined injunctions to learn from my remains, sweet medical student, and instead is an amazing cry of unadulterated rage and desperation. This is the kind of appeal (command?) that would impel even the most laggard of medical students to memorize every aspect of the human body. Please do something with this poem – it is that good. Send it to the WCW contest, or perhaps the student anthology being put together at U Rochester, but for goodness sakes, let other people see this. I'm impressed. Regards, Dr. Shapiro

Hi [REDACTED]. Glad to see you decided to participate in the Anatomy Creative Projects option. You wrote an honest and deeply reflective essay that I felt privileged to read. You say many beautiful things in your ponderings. One of the ones I liked the most was that "a dead person, a cadaver, revived" you. What a wonderful insight! Another "insight" I liked was that "medicine is about the people," although it's too bad that it's so easy to lose sight of this as you prepare to become a doctor (is something wrong with this

picture?) And yes, one very important thing the dead can teach the living is simply to “wait” a moment, to pause in the midst of our harried lives (and medical student life is accelerated even further!) and take the time to reorient ourselves. The life lesson you are learning is indeed wise (I get to say that, being now on the threshold of the “elderly” to which you refer). Regards, Dr. Shapiro P.S. Okay, now ‘fess up – *did* you get that B+ on a fifth grade long division test? (I actually took a placement test when I was 8 and couldn’t even *remember* how to do long division, so I empathize).