



A large, stylized, light blue cursive graphic of the year '1807' is centered in the upper right portion of the page. The numbers are fluid and elegant, with the '1' being a simple vertical stroke, the '8' having a large loop, the '0' being a circle with a tail, and the '7' having a long, sweeping tail that extends towards the right edge.

### *About the Cover Artist*

The cover art, "Community," is Clip Studio Paint digital art created by Deborah Pinkney, human resource associate 1, University of Maryland School of Graduate Studies.

The illustration was inspired by the various rowhouses Deborah drives past on the way to work. Deborah, who moved to the city in November 2023 and joined the University of Maryland, Baltimore, loves looking at the architecture. She wanted to imagine how lively the city becomes once it's warm out. Deborah is an animator with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the Savannah College of Art and Design in Georgia, where she grew up. A couple of years after graduating from college, Deborah began working in human resources, where she found she has a passion in supporting her team and others. She is originally from Maryland.

One bright sunny day in November, as I was rushing from one end of campus to the other, worried that I'd be late for my next meeting and thinking only of my ever-lengthening to-do list, I happened upon the University of Maryland, Baltimore's (UMB) newly installed outdoor gallery. Did I have time to stop and check it out? No. Did I stop and check it out anyway? Of course I did!

As I walked across the still-green grass and breathed in the scent of the crisp fall air, my breathing slowed and my heart rate started to fall. As I looked at the paintings, sculpture, and photographs and read the poetry, most of my worries slipped away. I knew that I was where I was meant to be at that moment.

Art can do that to you; give you a needed moment. You know it and I know it. So, as we were finalizing our sixth issue of *1807: An Art & Literary Journal*, I was immersing myself in art from our fourth issue, outside in a public space available to anyone and everyone who walks by.

When we published our first issue of *1807*, our goal was to simply publish the best art and literary journal we could. We never thought we would win two national awards or imagined that we would install one outdoor gallery, let alone four! But that's how we roll here at UMB: We take an idea and run with it. One could argue that our art and literary journal does indeed "improve the human condition and serve the public good." And we plan to continue to do so as long as our faculty, staff, students, alumni, and neighbors continue to write, paint, sculpt, photograph, bead, and work with metal and wood, and let their creative juices continue to flow.

Next time you're on the north side of campus, be sure to check out all four outdoor galleries. It's good for your head, your health, and your heart.

**Jennifer B. Litchman, MA**

*Editor in Chief, 1807: An Art & Literary Journal*

*Founder and Chair, Council for the Arts & Culture*

*Senior Vice President for External Relations*

**A**s president of the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB), I am both honored and humbled to present Issue 6 of *1807: An Art & Literary Journal*. This collection showcases the impressive creativity, talent, and unique perspectives of our University community — from faculty and students to alumni and staff, as well as our neighbors in West Baltimore.

Our contributors have poured their hearts into their art and writing, offering us an inspiring tapestry of ideas, emotions, and visions that speak to our shared humanity. This journal is not only a reflection of our diverse academic and professional achievements but also of the boundless creativity that flourishes within our community. It also exemplifies UMB's commitment to excellence, celebrating the highest standards of quality and originality in every piece of art and poetry. And each submission embodies our core value of innovation, fostering creative expression as an essential component of the University experience.

The pieces you will find within these pages explore a wide range of themes, from the beauty of nature to the depths of personal reflection and inner conflict, and the resilience of the human spirit. Each work invites us to pause, reflect, and connect with the world in profound and meaningful ways.

Thank you to all the contributors for your dedication to the arts and to the UMB Council for the Arts & Culture for bringing this journal to life. May this issue of *1807* serve as a source of inspiration and a reminder of the importance of creativity in our lives.

**Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS**  
*President*

AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL



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*For Issue 6, the Review Team includes members of the Council for the Arts & Culture as well as members of the UMB Communications Council and Faculty and Staff Senates.*



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*The Puppy*

Photography: Cellphone

*Tracy Hazen, PhD*

Assistant Professor,  
Department of Microbiology and Immunology  
School of Medicine



The puppy turned his world upside down. He was wary at first, but now is content to be her pillow.





*January in Charleston*

Visual Art: Painting

Acrylic

*Kylie Haggerty, MEd*

Learning and Development and  
LMS Specialist

Human Resource Services

Inspired by a visit to a tea  
plantation in Charleston, S.C.,  
in January 2023.





*Crater Lake Dawn*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Christopher M. Frisone, MSN, CRNA*

School of Nursing Alumnus

Sunrise on the edge of Crater Lake  
in Oregon during winter.

*Sustenance*

Writing: Poetry

*Heather Ames, MD, PhD*

Assistant Professor, Department of Pathology  
School of Medicine

This work is a reflection on the conflict  
between aspirations of productivity  
and the need for creativity.

I snack on long reads, think pieces, tweets  
Thrilling at the deceit of my potential

Fine dining is to be earned  
A moving target of my own definition

A feast requires commitment, patience  
Labor bookended by hope and loss

So I munch on ephemera  
Hoping for windfall in lieu of a garden  
Because vegetables may rot

I fell off the ladder of usefulness  
To land in a pile of blank leaves  
Leaving heroism to the superheroes  
And apples in the trees

Clawing through the dirt  
I find ingredients within my own roots  
Arranging them in a tenuous shape  
With fear they won't sustain me

But they must

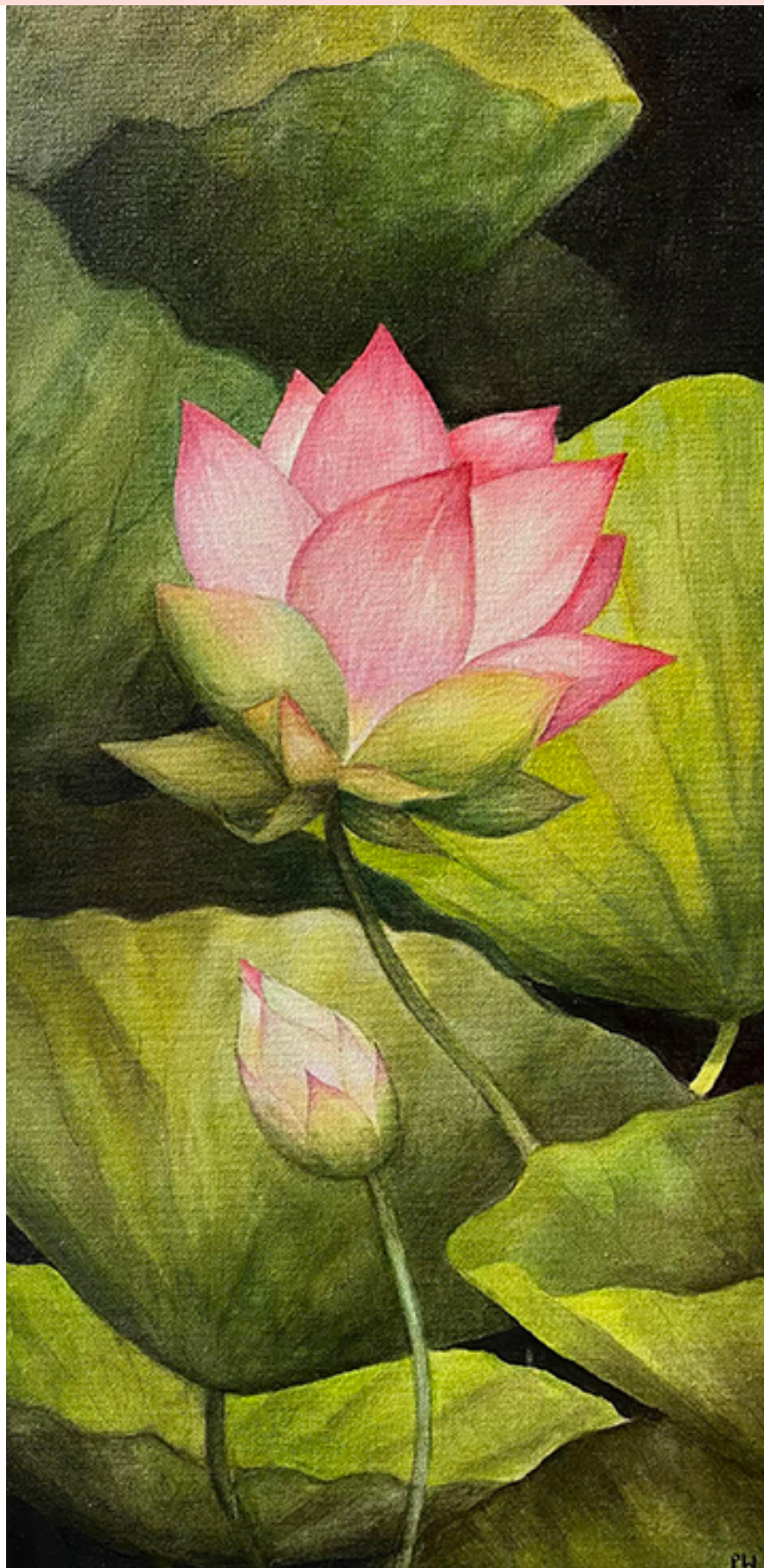
***Lotus***

Visual Art: Painting  
Acrylic and oil

*Patrick Waugh, MLS*

Library Services Specialist  
Health Sciences and Human Services Library

Inspired by seeing illuminated lotus flowers in a dark pool at night, this painting was originally a gift for the artist's grandmother.





***Iron Embroidery***

Varied Media: Metal

*Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS*

President

University of Maryland, Baltimore

This tree-of-life sculpture with lifelike bark is inspired by embroidery from the 1600s. The string of disks is a hollow element requiring a new technique. The pomegranatelike elements with protruding seeds and leaves with internal mesh and berries add accents. It is mounted on a found roofing slate.

*Clare*

Writing: Poetry

*Katie Kopasek Black, MA*

Grants and Contracts Specialist  
School of Medicine

A love letter to a toddler who makes the world a better place just by being herself, as well as all the moms who have experienced postpartum depression.

She reaches for an object she can't touch  
And I have to tell her, "No."  
"But Mama, if I can't use that, I can't be a helper."  
You are a helper, so much more than you know.  
You are a helper simply by existing.

You were our new era,  
Our first, our crash-course.  
You showed me what to actually worry about, what to let go.  
You were just as new as we were to *Family-of-Three*.  
You endured all we did.  
You helped before you knew anything outside our embrace, Little Bear.  
We didn't have a clue, but we had each other.  
You helped by being on the maiden voyage with us.

Winter, a global pandemic – masks in the hospital, masks at the pediatrician's, masks at home.  
Without the photos, I fear I'd forget it all.  
I was drowning.  
Depression crashed like waves, knocking me senseless.  
Depression like rip currents yanked me from shore where your Daddy called, reached for me.  
Depression like a maelstrom drew me under.  
I was lost at sea.

But it was far from the winter of our discontent.  
Of course, there was your Party Hair, the thick black mop of newborn locks that never fell out  
But grew in curly and lightened with tinges of red like your Daddy's.  
That same hair now long and flying behind you in the wind while you race the Prescott Pack.  
And your bright blue eyes, our Galway Girl, that see spring blossoms like snow.  
I've known your Daddy since we were 12 years old and his eyes –  
Your eyes –  
Light up in a new way just for you.

How far we've come in 3 years  
From lockdown to library trips,  
Pandemic to playing in the periwinkles,  
Masks to block parties.

I must be a better person – for your sake as much as mine.  
We are intertwined.  
Taking care of me is taking care of you.  
You deserve it because you are *you*,  
My helper.

I'm still teasing through what I believe these days,  
But when you look at me with your Daddy's eyes one thing falls into line:  
When you look at me with your Daddy's eyes, I do believe you're *mine*.



***Blue Dasher***

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Jim Clark, MS*

School of Nursing Alumnus

Jim found this blue dasher dragonfly perched on a coneflower at the North Carolina Arboretum in Asheville. It patiently posed as Jim snapped numerous photos with a macro lens.



*Stalemate*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Christopher Welsh, MD*

Associate Professor, Department of Psychiatry  
School of Medicine

This is from the National Elk Refuge in Jackson, Wyo., where elk from the Grand Tetons and surrounding mountains spend the winters.





*long and winding road*

Photography: Cellphone

*Meredith Diloia, MSc*

Sustainability Specialist

Office of Sustainability

A path in Aberdeen, Scotland, specifically in the Old Aberdeen area, is part of a nature walk that goes by an island where seals live. It's a beautiful way to see the area and learn about the wildlife through informative signage.

*Farming the Wind*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Miles Delmar*

Research Specialist  
School of Dentistry



A wind farm in the Painted Hills of East Oregon,  
with a view of Mount Adams.



### *Tziporah*

Visual Art: Digital  
Photographs and photoshop

### *Kathy Patterson*

Research Supervisor,  
Family Welfare Research and  
Training Group  
School of Social Work

Kathy has long admired this woman's style, and when she saw this photograph, taken by a mutual friend, she knew she had to do something with it. The artist borrowed the motif of her striped blouse and created an Art Deco-style poster with it.



***Krauser***

Reminds me of German reichs and eldritch beings peeking beneath the surface of reality.  
We scraped a little of you each minute of your extraordinary 400 days of silence,  
And, as you leaked unto linoleum floors, we spent hours attempting to patch you up.  
You lay still, motionless, the next moment a typhoon of scratches, undoing  
The seals and bags and tapes which kept you tethered to this body.

You were a testament to the gluttony of always wanting more.  
When you realize there was a price to pay and the quantity of the exchange,  
It was too late to go back and now you avoid dealing with the decline in quality  
Of only surviving, not thriving. As you watch the nurses poke and jab,  
And the doctors stitch a new abdomen from your thigh, you begin to hate this new reality.

You went home for only one night. A joyous chorus heralded the end  
Of your stay. You had amassed hundreds of bags and fewer friends  
Who lined the hallway — clapping, waving, cheering you onwards —  
Only for that beginning to end at sunset. You returned to the same bed.

***Krauser***

Reminds me of decaying ancient machines who met their end on battlefields.  
Generals, cousin to kings, who lead battalions to their demise.  
Rulers, who play at war, signing documents for their own amusement,  
Until the piper comes to call and their lives were the payment,  
But only after their countrymen and women suffered for their arrogance.

***Krauser***

Writing: Poetry

*Florence E. Carol*

School of Nursing Student

These two poems were written in 2022 and early 2023 to explore the loss and grief the writer witnessed as a nurse during and post-COVID-19.



*Therapy*

Visual Art: Painting  
Acrylic paints on canvas

*Dana C. Punnett*

Community member

This painting was created  
after a conversation with  
Dana's therapist.



*Tela*

Visual Art: Painting  
Marker

*Gwynneth Jarrell, BSN, RN, CPAN*  
School of Nursing Student

Portrait of a dog.

## *Protect Nonbinary Kids*

Visual Art: Painting  
Paper, paint, and glue

*Jennifer Frederick, JD*  
Carey School of Law Alumnus

This piece was made in honor of Nex Benedict, a nonbinary teen in Oklahoma who died after being bullied extensively at school for their identity, and for the many like them whom we have lost. The flowers and the pot they are in represent the nonbinary flag colors of purple, white, yellow, and black.





### *Sunflowers*

Varied Media: Wood

*Oksana Mishler, RDH, MS, DHSc*

Clinical Associate Professor,  
Divisions of Periodontics and Dental Hygiene  
School of Dentistry

Sunflowers always bring Oksana joy. She often uses flowers in her art, such as this wood burning.





*before*

Writing: Poetry

*Suzanne Kelsey*

Senior Grants and Contracts Specialist  
School of Medicine

This poem is modeled in the golden shovel style, after the poem “maggie and milly and molly and may” by E. E. Cummings. The last words of each line of Suzanne’s poem make up the final line from E. E. Cummings’ poem.

i’m having trouble with where we are heading, or rather, not heading  
(i can’t move forward, is the thing) it’s  
more that i can’t seem to stop myself from always  
looking over the shoulders of our present, to try and see ourselves  
as we were back then, free from despair;hopelessness;tragedy; we  
were happy, i can even recall specific moments. how will we ever find  
them again...or...do you not want to? it seems like you don’t want to  
remember, or let them back in.

i wish we could forget what happened (forget the loss that brought us here)  
go back to the  
::before:: to the summer we spent together, in the little house with blue  
awnings that sat beside the sea.



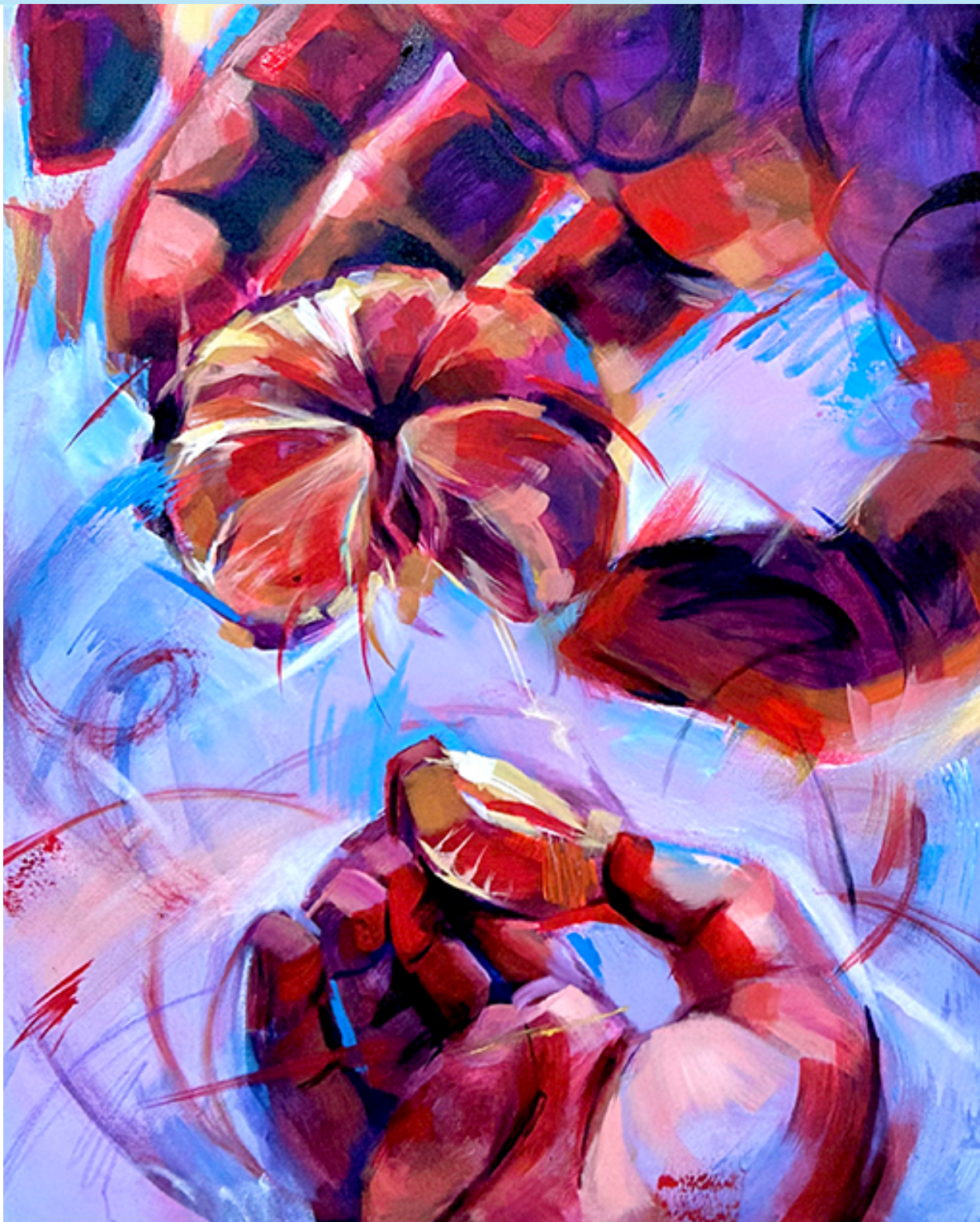
*Crescent Moon Over Jefferson Memorial*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Jason Brookman, MD*

Assistant Professor, Department of Anesthesiology  
School of Medicine

A view of the Jefferson Memorial in Washington, D.C., in the predawn hour with a sliver of the waxing crescent moon rising above the memorial.



*I Will Peel As Many  
As You Want*

Visual Art: Painting  
Acrylic on canvas

*Haoran Li*

School of Medicine Student

Peeling fruit is often a small inconvenience. If done for others, it can be seen as an act of service. When expressing affection and care verbally becomes difficult, we find other ways to get our true feelings across. To Haoran, a slice of this mandarin means love.



*Milky Way Over  
Mount Evans*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Andrea Harris, MS*  
School of Medicine Student

This was taken the evening after a thunderstorm at Summit Lake, below Mount Evans in the Colorado Rockies. The red and white lights across the lower portion of the photo are a plane flying by during the 30-second exposure.



### ***In Fine Feather***

Varied Media: Wood

*Marianne Cloeren, MD, MPH*  
Associate Professor, Department of Medicine  
School of Medicine

Marianne created this small shrine-style box to add needed curves to a wall space that is full of rectangles. The shrine is painted with a mixture of metallic paints in copper and teal, and the pieces at the top and on the doors were made from air-dried clay, which she stamped and painted in complementary colors. Marianne incorporated fiber art at the bottom of the shrine and added peacock feathers at the top. If you open the shrine, you will see the feather theme repeated.

*Familial Relationships – A Compilation*

Writing: Poetry

*Leah Couture, MD, FACP*

Assistant Professor, Department of Medicine  
School of Medicine

**Great Things**

I had planned to do big things.  
Great accomplishments,  
fame that would somehow bring its own meaning

Now you are the meaning.  
I do not need the big things.  
It is in all the little things

A sore ache from the heaviness of love

**What is the Pace of this Life?**

My days seem to alternate between a sprint  
and a trudge  
Much like my running  
An activity that I hate but have recently  
taken up in the name of health  
As I watch my parents' health unravel, I re-double  
my efforts to maintain my own

These are days where you cannot watch  
the time marching by  
But feel it go past you like a breeze on your cheek

Our anniversary was marked with little more  
than cheap cards and tighter hugs  
What are 12 years when a day is  
both eternal and ephemeral

**I'd Die for You**

When you exited my body  
I think you broke off a piece  
To take with you  
A homing beacon  
A tether

I will be your home  
Your safe space  
You tell me you will live here  
Forever  
But I know one day  
You will go  
Stretch your wings and feel the wind

It will hurt  
A tear at a healing wound  
But it will be salved by your joy  
And the knowing that wherever you go  
A part of me is with you

One day you will find a new home  
A new harbor  
Where there is love so fierce  
You will drink it up

This poem was inspired by Leah's family and the  
shift in relationships from partners to parents.



*Amaryllis*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Donna McDowell, JD, MS, MEd, CAS*  
Carey School of Law Alumnus

A close friend gave Donna this amaryllis plant, and she thought the buds and leaves were beautiful. Donna thinks the budding stage was more exciting both visually and emotionally than when the plant was in full bloom.

## *Glacier Landscape*

Photography: Cellphone

*Laura Kozak, MA*

Chief Marketing Officer and Senior  
Associate Vice President  
Office of Communications and  
Public Affairs

Many facets of the landscape in Glacier National Park are represented in this photo. As summer approaches, the grass is beginning to grow as the snow on the mountain is almost melted.







***Molly Bushcraft***

Varied Media: Metal

*Christopher Stanton, MS*

Executive Director

Office of Emergency Management

Memories of childhood, waking up in the woods to a warm rising June sun with the nectarous smell of blooming honeysuckle and smokey savory taste of campfire cooking inspired this all-purpose “Molly Bushcraft” knife and sheath. The knife blade is 1084 steel while the scales, or wood part of the knife handle, is padauk wood. Snake and diamond knots secure the lanyard. The vegetable tanned leather sheath was cut, sewn, and finished by hand. The knife handle and sheath shine from a topcoat of sweet-smelling beeswax. (A bushcraft knife is a versatile tool used for many outdoor activities such as woodworking, preparing food, building shelter, and starting a fire. This knife is named after Christopher’s dog Molly, hence “Molly Bushcraft.”)



### *Bmore Perspectives*

Visual Art: Painting  
Acrylic

*Sarina Zahid, MD, MS*

Pediatric Resident  
University of Maryland Medical Center

Nature uses the sky as its canvas, with its multitude of colors and ability to change a blank blue sky into a lightning storm or a glowing sunrise. Each panel is Sarina's depiction of nature's art painted onto canvas, showing the different perspectives of the Baltimore skyline.

## *Twosome*

Varied Media: Metal

*Janet A. Yellowitz, DMD, MPH, FASGD, DABSCD*

Director, Geriatric Dentistry  
School of Dentistry



Upcycled, recycled watch bands are covered in wire, porcelain, and other structures. This hobby started about two years ago with Janet covering piggy banks and has evolved into a passion to embellish items of interest while maintaining their original function. The watch bands are obtained from estate sales, flea markets, friends, and eBay and are cleaned, cut, and glued with welding glue.



*Nighttime Colors of the  
Boardwalk*

Photography: Cellphone

*Patricia Quinn-Stabile, MSW,  
LCSW-C*

Clinical Instructor  
School of Social Work

This picture was taken during an evening  
walk on the boardwalk in Ocean City, Md.

*Speed of Sound*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Giordana Segneri, MA*

Assistant Dean for Marketing and Communications  
School of Nursing

Have you ever heard a hummingbird? Their wings beat up to 80 times a second while hovering, creating an unmistakable buzzing sound. While in Arenal, Costa Rica, Giordana watched this hummingbird hover and drink from a bird of paradise plant. If you look closely, you can see its tongue.



The sky in Maine is usually so clear, but the summer of 2023 was the summer of forest fires in Canada, which made for a smoky full moon.

*Full Moon Over  
Stonington, Maine*

Photography: Cellphone

*Virginia Rowthorn, JD, LL.M.*

Assistant Vice President  
Global Engagement  
Executive Director  
Center for Global Engagement  
Associate Professor  
School of Graduate Studies



## *The Smoking Vigil 1*

Writing: Poetry

*Karen Jaynes, MS*  
School of Pharmacy Alumnus

Twenty of her best friends have become mine too,  
as I watch her  
I wait.  
The ash burns to my finger tips and I snuff it out  
to meet its fate.

This vigil of medicine becomes a habit,  
good company  
I seem to grab it.  
Like hanging with  
the wrong crowd.  
I sit in this cloud  
that I once blamed solely  
for her fall from grace.

But I know  
it was really this place  
that was unforgiving.  
This living.  
Those times,  
are now mine in this moment  
as I reminisce  
opportunities missed  
to save her.

Yet as I flick a new flame  
and begin again  
with friend number two,  
I remember  
she didn't want me to.

Counting days  
and the ways  
she shakes the pain that remains  
as I touch her arm.

She is rocking in her chair  
While others stare.  
Blank and void  
they avoid  
her shocking  
response to transform.

Then like she's awoken  
the quiet is broken  
and release is spoken  
in the cold and uniform-filled room.  
She shouts  
and calls out  
for help.  
The cries of abuse,  
and from life's over-use,  
and from her ancestors' obtuse ideas  
on how to raise little girls.

Her body is sore  
weak and cracking.  
She settles into sleep  
no longer distracting,  
a proper complacent resident guest.  
She rests.

I step outside,  
not to hide  
feelings about all that ends.  
But to be again with her friends.  
Those twenty in the box  
for now,  
my rocks.  
And I breathe in again.  
For her.

Karen's mom was a lifelong smoker. At the end of her life, she suffered from dementia and lived her final years in an assisted living center. Strangely, in the beginning of this process when she could no longer smoke, Karen was compelled to smoke. She almost felt like she was smoking for her mother for this short period of time. Thankfully this vigil passed, and sadly, her mother did, too, in 2022. This poem shares Karen's life experience during that time.

## *Shadow*

Photography: Cellphone

*Jennifer Elisa Chapman, JD, MLIS*

Research and Faculty Services Librarian  
Carey School of Law

The shadow of a black-eyed Susan,  
Maryland's state flower.







*Winter at Jerusalem Mill*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Karleen Schuhart*

Staff Coordinator  
School of Medicine

Jerusalem Mill, part of Gunpowder Falls State Park in Harford County, is surrounded by walking trails that follow the Gunpowder River. Karleen enjoys the outdoors and especially photographing nature. We often miss the beauty of nature because we think we need to venture out to find it, but it's often found just outside our back door.

*Life Vests*

Writing: Poetry

*Stephanie A. Schuessler*

Carey School of Law Student

Stephanie wrote this poem after a day on the lake with her then-5-year-old daughter. She was contemplating the juxtaposition of childhood innocence and adult dread, especially given the world we live in now.

I took her paddle boarding  
—first time  
Ballet slippers turned to bare feet  
Everything always in shades of  
fuchsia, blush, magenta, bubble gum . . .  
This child I am always gazing through  
—never at  
For fear of her vanishing  
Her contrast to me so stark that  
I know one of us must be a specter.

And yet, as she jumps in the lake,  
the NO SWIMMING sign be damned  
Something recognizable emerges.  
“Keep paddling you scallion,” she yars.  
“You mean scallywag?” I ask.  
“That’s what I said.”  
Sticks in her hair, resolve in her voice  
This is no game of pretend.

But then she tires  
And I am once again the captain of our ship.  
I feel the warm softness of her earlobe  
pressed gently into my forearm.  
I freeze, hoping she will too  
That earlobe against my skin for all eternity.

“Mommy — where’s *your* life vest?”

I think:  
The lake is placid, forgiving us our trespasses  
—not seeking revenge for how heavily we’ve tread.  
But turnabout is fair play (or so he says).  
So if it decided to turn on us  
gentle ripples transmogrified into something monstrous . . .  
Acceptance washes over me.  
Hope too easily rendered, perhaps.

I think:  
I will go easily,  
The underbelly of this lake sensually embracing me  
Barbels of bottom-feeders tickling my toes as they turn  
to mud . . . to silt . . . to earth.

I think:  
I need to fill out that form for school.  
I think:  
We should go to the library on the way home . . .  
I think . . . “Mommy?” (Attitude this time: I’ve taken too long)  
I say:  
“Don’t worry sweetheart. I’m a strong swimmer.”  
And at least this is true.

*Honeybee Basil*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Abraham Kruger*

Carey School of Law Student



A patch of basil flowered and  
attracted scores of honeybees.



*Positano, Italy*

Photography: Cellphone

*Melissa Bresnahan*

Associate Director, Corporate and  
Foundation Relations  
Office of Philanthropy

Melissa trekked up steep hills through the maze of stone steps and misshaped doors, walking in to find one of the most beautiful views in Positano. A magical, almost church-like window shaped the clear blue water, which was barely freckled with boats. Most of the tourists had yet to arrive in May, and it was Melissa's for a few days.



*Blue Nights*

Photography: Cellphone

*Kimberly Hackett*

Cytogenetics Technician III, Department of Pathology  
School of Medicine

This photo was taken aboard a boat in  
Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, showing the  
beautiful blue hues created by the sunset.

***Pause***

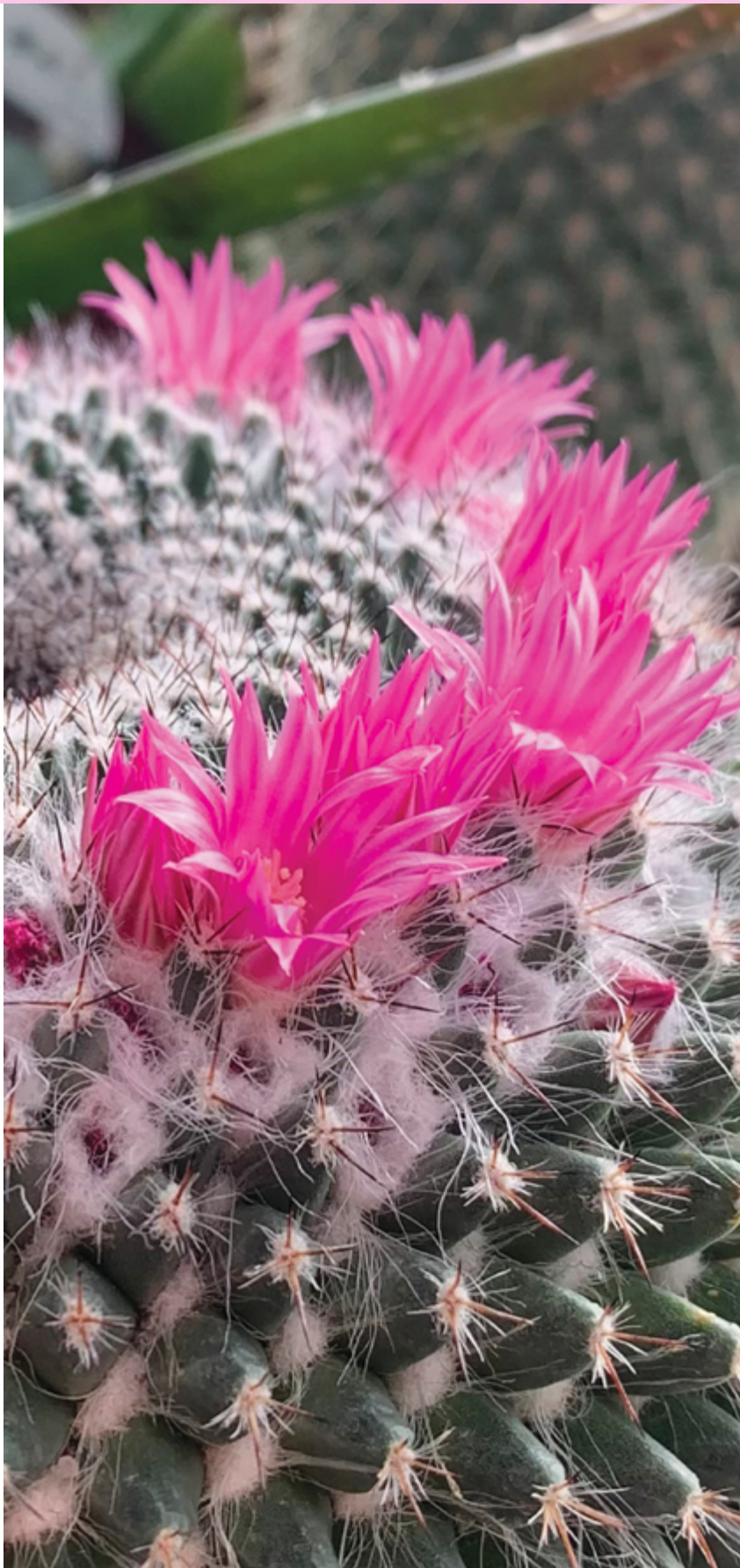
Visual Art: Acrylic painting  
digital

*JaVon L. Townsend, MSW,  
LCSW-C*

School of Social Work Alumnus

“Pause” is part of a portrait series featuring Black people at rest. In this image, a woman finds a quiet moment to slow down as the midday sun shines into the room.





*Alihelisi*

Photography: 35 mm digital

*Colette Beaulieu Zimmerman*

Office Manager

Health Sciences and Human Services Library

This cactus plant was in the greenhouse at Homewood Gardens in Severna Park at Christmastime. Colette named the photograph "Alihelisi," which means rejoice, in honor of her Cherokee heritage.



*The Light and the Dark*

Photography: Cellphone

*Rich Elliott*

Buyer

Strategic Sourcing and Acquisition Services

A photograph taken as the cruise ship that Rich was sailing on was passing a nearby island. It reminds him of the fight all humans wage internally: Which path do we follow? The light or the dark?



*Misty Hibernation: Tale of Two Sailboats*

Photography: Cellphone

*Laurette Hankins*

School of Nursing Retiree

The morning fog created a complete white-out. As the hours went by, slowly, the long pier became visible. Laurette was struck by the image of the sailboat in the background appearing almost as a ghost ship, floating in midair.



## *Community*

Visual Art: Digital  
Clip Studio Paint

### *Deborah Pinkney*

Human Resource Associate 1  
School of Graduate Studies

This illustration was inspired by the various rowhouses Deborah drives past on the way to work. Deborah recently moved to Baltimore and loves looking at the architecture. She wanted to imagine how lively the city becomes once it's warm out.



*Barbie Would Be Proud*

Writing: Poetry

*Linfah Mcqueen, PharmD*

School of Pharmacy Alumnus and PhD Student

This poem is dedicated to Linfah's late grandmother, who suffered from severe dementia in her final years, and is a celebration of her return to herself and to Linfah.

Just how you carried me when I was weak and scared, you always picked me for your team,  
I carry you now, one by one, fulfilling every one of your hopes and dreams.  
I lost you a while ago, you were so hard to find,  
When the fog rolled over it stole you, and held you trapped inside.

Every once in a while, I was grateful for your hints,  
To know you were still present and alive, if only in a glimpse.  
Slowly you lost your nerve and when you spoke trees no longer trembled,  
Seeing you reduced was hard, but losing you was my toughest battle.

Now I see that you remained fighting, waiting for your release,  
As you escaped your body, I saw it: Your soul emerging free.  
Oh but now, how can I explain that this transcends what is real?  
Through any lonely or any scary, your hand is all that I feel.

I am drenched in your pride and washed in your affection for me,  
There is no question that I have become the 'Tan Tan Britain' you knew I would be.  
The hills are steeper now and my opposition show more teeth,  
But your belief that I can move mountains circles my head on repeat.

Resiliency and strength have shaped the essence of who I used to be,  
Now that you are in me, you show me how the world bends with alchemy.  
The world has never been a kind place for tough women,  
But how can it tame me now with this gift I have been given?

I lost you for years, but you came right back,  
Now we persist without fear, unscathed by any attack.  
Our scars, our pain, they no longer cast a cloud,  
Because I no longer question it; I know Barbie would be proud.



*The Reflection of Nature's Embrace*

Visual Art: Painting  
Watercolor

*Gunjan Joshi, PhD, MBA*

Manager, Center for Clinical Trials and  
Corporate Contracts Resource Management  
Office of Research and Development

Gunjan is a nature lover. This is a minimalistic drawing showing nature and its reflections at its best. It shows no one is alone. The trees have a river next to them, with their reflections in the water. Even the boat that looks lonely has its reflection deep in the water as if the water is embracing it lovingly.



*Ginger Creek*

Photography: Cellphone

*Karen L. Faraone, DDS, MA*

Dean's Faculty Member

School of Dentistry

This picture was taken on an early morning walk in Annapolis, where the water was still and the reflection was sharp.

*Fading Promise*

Photography: Cellphone

*David Leung*

School of Pharmacy Student

A love lock, or love padlock, is affixed to a fence and symbolic of a couple's love. The key is typically thrown into a nearby body of water to represent the object permanence of this love. This symbolism is juxtaposed with the pier lights and ocean tides fading into darkness to give a feeling of unsurety.



“Bluebells on the Tow Path” was inspired by the principle of personal wellness. The serenity of being outdoors incorporates important time for the creative process and personal wellness.



*Bluebells on the Tow Path*

Visual Art: Painting  
Acrylic on canvas

*Joanne Morrison, MS*

Senior Director, Marketing and Public Relations  
Office of Communications and Public Affairs



***Blue Crab***

Visual Art: Painting

Acrylic paint on canvas

Repurposed old clock surround for frame

*Lisa Martinez, MD*

School of Medicine Alumnus

Lisa's family crabs off their dock every summer in Southern Maryland, followed by crab feasts on the porch. Lisa was inspired by a love of crabs, coastal life, and saltwater to paint this crab for her family's beach house. It hangs in the kitchen and is the first artwork you see when you enter the house.





*W. Baltimore St.*

Photography: Cellphone

*Dowon Kim*

School of Medicine Student

The view from Dowon's studio  
overlooking West Baltimore Street.

*Cloudy Reflections at Acadia*

Visual Art: Painting  
Oil on stretched cotton canvas

*Raman K. Jassal, DDS*  
School of Dentistry Alumnus

While visiting Acadia National Park in Maine, Raman came across the beautiful scenery of mountains with mesmerizing reflections in the lake.





### *Ocean Rain*

Photography: Cellphone

*Daniela Lecca, PhD*

Postdoctoral Researcher  
School of Medicine

This image was captured on a rainy day at the end of summer in Ocean City, Md. A distant silhouette is looking at the ocean, suggesting a feeling of mournfulness over the season that just ended. The combination of the rain falling from the sky and the dim sunlight coming through the clouds makes the image look more like a painting than photography.

## UMB Council for the Arts & Culture

The University of Maryland, Baltimore's Council for the Arts & Culture is a group of faculty, staff, students, and community members appointed by the president whose mission is to promote the rich history of our institution and surrounding neighborhoods and to celebrate the creative talents of the University community, thereby raising awareness of the links between the arts and sciences.

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AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL



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*1807: An Art & Literary Journal* is an anthology that is curated, edited, and produced by members of the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) community. UMB faculty, staff, students, and alumni as well as University of Maryland Medical Center employees and West Baltimore neighbors submit original, unpublished artwork and literature for consideration; submission does not guarantee inclusion.

The publication was designed by Moxie Design, Towson, Md. The text is set in Gotham Narrow and Adobe Garamond Pro.

The journal was printed by Schmitz Press, Sparks, Md., on 80# Silk Text, and the cover on 100# Silk Cover, with scuff resistant matte laminate and spot gloss UV coating. *1807* is perfect bound.

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1807

The University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) is Maryland's public health, law, and human services university. Founded in 1807, it is the original campus of the University System of Maryland and is located on 65 acres on the west side of downtown Baltimore.

UMB is a leading U.S. institution for graduate and professional education and a prominent academic health center combining cutting-edge biomedical research and exceptional clinical care.

UMB enrolls nearly 6,700 students in six highly ranked professional schools and an interdisciplinary School of Graduate Studies. We offer 97 doctoral, master's, baccalaureate, and certificate programs. Every year, UMB confers most of the professional practice doctoral degrees awarded in Maryland.

A painting of a pond with a willow tree and a swan. The painting is on the left side of the page, showing a pond with a willow tree on the left bank and a swan in the water. The water is blue and green, and the sky is blue. The painting is on the left side of the page, showing a pond with a willow tree on the left bank and a swan in the water. The water is blue and green, and the sky is blue.

... These are days where you cannot  
watch the time marching by  
But feel it go past you like a breeze  
on your cheek ...

*Familial Relationships - A Compilation (Poetry, Page 28)*



UNIVERSITY of MARYL  
BALTIMORE

*Cloudy Reflections at Acadia*  
(Painting, Page 56)