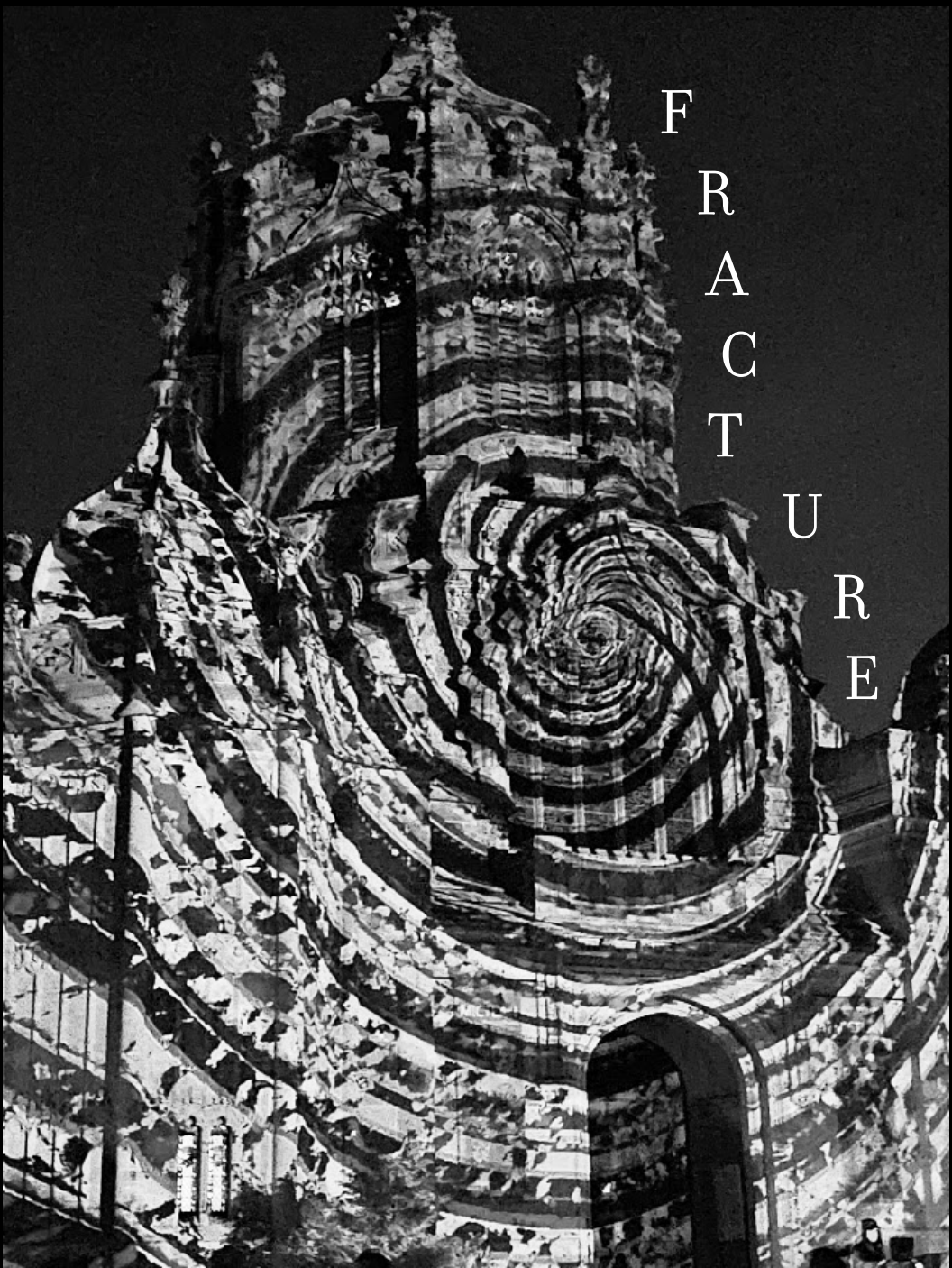


The Hummingbird

Weill Cornell Medicine's student-run
medical humanities journal

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Letter from the Editors

Dear readers,

We are grateful that you decided to pick up this copy of *The Hummingbird*, the inaugural edition of our student-run arts zine. While our team of editors is based out of Weill Cornell Medical College, we intend this magazine to amplify voices beyond our halls. We invite discussion and thought on humanities in medicine, but more importantly, on the pieces of human experience that each of us embodies and how those pieces interact when brought together.

We chose "fracture" as our first zine theme as an invitation to interweave layers of creating meaning: in textbooks and the operating room, fracture may refer to the breaking of bone; in daily life, it may evoke an unanswered phone call, a before and after, or a sudden insight. Regardless of the meanings we assign to the mediums through which we process existence, it has become clear in recent months that only by taking the leap of enveloping ourselves in the experiences of others can we start to heal the fractures around us.

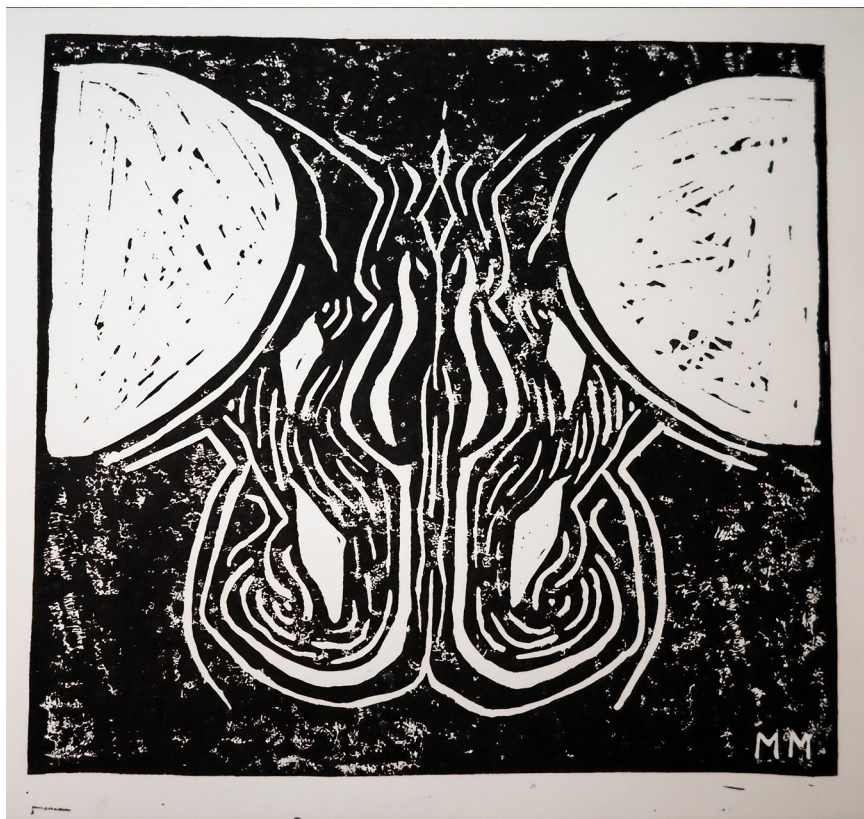
—*The Hummingbird staff*

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Nose Knows

by Mackenna Mejdell



Linoleum block print using black oil ink, on sulphite paper

Poesia

by Andrew Arloro

Amor meus te quaerit, tu tamen absens es,
Per viam sine te, cor meum relictus.
Flamma desiderii in corde meo lucet,
Et in silentio, semper te cogito.

O dulcis visio, etiam in somnis,
Cor meum tibi offert, cum amore sinceris.
Vox tua in corde resonat dulcedine,
In tenebris, te invoco cum benedictione.

Absens es, sed amor in corde manet,
Sicut luna fulgida in nocte placida.
O utinam revocare posses dilectionem,
Nam cor meum tibi vinculum tenet spei,
Et in solitudine te prego, fiducia numquam deficiet.

Rainbow

by Jennifer Akl



Jao Pakhi Bolo Tare

by Kazi Maisha (she/her)

Still. Although I stood at the shore of one of the busiest parts of Brooklyn, it all felt still. The waves routinely lapped over my feet every few seconds. The chatter of tourists and locals around me became a constant hum. The wind flirted with my hair, as I stood in a trance. My eyes were set on the iridescent glow of the sun. Did it seem brighter today because you just left for the hereafter? Is it your soul that's shining with the sun today?

A pair of wings infiltrated the view of the sun. A bird.

Go, birdie. Go away.

Say to him that he should never forget me.

Let happiness shower him. Let him be well.

May he remember me the way I will.

The salt from the lapping waves seeps into my heart.

A sharp pain creeps in-

the pain of waves that have separated from their families, breaking onto shore.

*The water from the waves drains out of my eyes,
shedding words with nowhere to go.*

Can you take them to him, beautiful bird?

Both shores -the separated waves and I- alone.

Go birdie. Go away.

"Jao pakhi bolo tare"

Uncle, we used to sing that together when watching birds fly away. Today, I sing it alone. Above all, I hope you're singing the same to the bird from the skies. I hope we're still singing together.



Untitled

by Sara Brown (she/her)



Untitled

by Chetan K. Pavuluri

With friends at Rocky,
In four months we will be split,
But today's a dream

Katta Halwa

by Nadia Khan

Here, the streets are caked in a thin layer of dust,
Delicate, swirling odes to life and light meticulously threaded
through palms
As the inks of dawn blots the sky.

There was a small, bustling clinic across a terracotta courtyard,
fresh linen swaying carefree in clear breeze,

I crossed, shockingly bright, prickly bougainvillea encroaching
in wide, precipitous arcs.

Light drowsily floated through bottle-green stained glass win-
dows,
Rows and rows of quaint ointments, globules, pastes, poultices,
herbs, halwaii,
Stone pestles, tinted glass jars, mismatched arrays of tablecloths
adorning short tables,
long tables, square tables, oblong tables, two chairs in the center,
tilting tenderly towards each other like old friends recounting
fond memories.

As figures swept through the door bearing overripe fruits, vivid
scarves and cloaks pooling behind them, the last flickering smile
of the haze of my youth gazed down upon me. I could almost feel
the slow sticky air of the stifling Indian summer come to a close.

Chromosomes

by Sara Brown (she/her)



A sun beam was broken into a million tiny strands by the scaffolding that surrounded the DHK building, I remember thinking how lovely it was that a fractured sunbeam could reconverge into an organically beautiful and complex image. It gave me a glint of hope on a tough morning.

Untitled

by Alan S. Weber

where are the horseless
scythes of Saturn, not more, not less
Chronos's house ticks has a tock
Noose of the 60s and 360s
A smooth machine again brings in
Boxes of tools carrying:
Spanners, hoses, tubing
 $\frac{3}{4}$ inch / standard
As you lay dying
I was lying living

Now where are the horseless
Scythes of Saturn such as
Chronos' growls such half a tock
Of the times heralds in
Carrying of spanners
Such as stand as you lay dying
I was living lying

Human Nature

by Anonymous

Wildness does not disappear in the city:
Trees and awnings shelter me from rain,
Creatures skitter past my feet – rats, beetles, birds.
Bugs crawl on my body as sweat drips down my back,
I still get dirt on my feet and leaves in my hair.
I can't see the stars, but the fireflies glow brightly.
And what could be more wild than being
surrounded by humans, everywhere and constantly?

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