



Writing | Symposium 2021

The Weathervane

By Dillon Stull

Sunrise spoke a stealthy joke: a rooster swaggering on the roof,
His chicken chest chucked forward to rebuke the chalky hands
That (must have) laughed and lifted him atop the coop.
A funny and dismaying perch for that breed of bird,
Fat and fit for flaunting feathers in the docile dirt.
Eight feet high in the sky,
He hopped and flapped and tried to fly,
Afraid to slide to his brood, which, underneath, was unaware
That he was stuck up there.

I knew who must have done it.

The free and raucous man had always told me, "Loosen up!
Don't live in fear, you chicken, or your meat will get too tough!"

That day, this man, my Grandpa, barely had the strength to speak.

But still, I had to think

That in the night, he rose, a boy,

To leave me this last prank.

A riddle how he managed out of bed

Or hoisted that unlucky fowl...he never said.

Medicine & the Muse

For all of this, I found myself perplexed by Grandpa's game
When I awoke that morning to his living weathervane.
But he alone had known it then,
To him the fact was plain,
That madness is good medicine to keep the spirit sane.

Dillon is a fourth-year medical student with interests in philosophy, theology, and poetry. He would like to thank Dr. Audrey Shafer and the MedScholars program and its donors for contributing to the composition of this poem and the collection to which it belongs.