Since the attachment test does not seem to be working... here is the 2nd TMM for this week.

This week we have a tongue-firmly-in-cheek poem from UMMS Class of 2021 student Molly Griffin. She had entered this poem in the STFM Poetry and Prose Contest. And while she did not win, I thought that the act of writing a poem about a teacher showed a strong sense of respect and admiration and should be shared with all. A special treat for any of you who were taught by Anne at UMMS or taught with her. For the rest of you, a bit of humour and a chance to see how one student honoured a great teacher.

You can reply with comment to Molly at molly.griffin@umassmed.edu or to the list serve directly. Enjoy.

To Professor Anne Gilroy, Upon Your Retirement from Teaching Anatomy

We thought we would make a fossa about the fact,
That even though we cannot give you atrophy for your hard work,
We would let you know that you made a vas deferens in each of our lives,
And none of your teaching was in vein.

In medical school, sometimes it can feel like nobody would care if we liver die
And like we would get kicked out if we went mental foramen
But you showed us that although it can be hard to pass the testes,
Anatomy can be a lot of fundus.
We hope you end up somewhere on this costal margin,
In a fancy place with a welcoming vestibule.
For even though you were sternum with us,
And our answers to your questions weren't always arcuate,
You opened new portals for us.
Taught us that you cannot wait for answers, you must cecum out,
That you cannot transverse (this) process of learning,
And the only thing we have to fear is femur itself.
Even though it can seem so anal, professors that do not challenge their students are reported to have rectum.

So pop open a corona,
Take a long crus,
And form a conchae line.

Psoas major as this change can seem,
We also want you to know,
That we appreciate your sense of aqueous humor,
That you have a lot of frenulums in us.
Your lecture material did cervix purpose.
You are a masseter anatomist,
And we your grateful pupils.

Although we feel cornea for thanking you this way,
And yes, this poem is so humerus,
Thanks to you, we will abdominate in the clinic!