

Talent in Medicine

The medical profession is not different from other workforce, sharing common interests, hobbies and talents. The majority of these activities are unrelated to medicine. Many are musicians, performers, artists, writers, critics, astronomers, photographers, etc., not to mention their excellence in the world of sports. On the other hand, there are also instances when the practice of these activities takes the form of applied interpretation of what they know in human pathobiology and the concerned function. Thus, some may be historians of clinical practice, clinical pharmacologists of locally used herbs or clinical therapists of locally practiced folk medicine.

This section of the Bahrain Medical Bulletin will be devoted to “Talents in the Medical Profession” to show and exchange with others common interests and applied experience. Contributors are therefore welcomed to submit their literary works. This issue contains two poems titled “**Let Out Be Out!**” and “**Twelve O’clock and Stuck**”.

The Chief Editor

Let Out Be Out!

If the boat is on water it swims and takes you across,
If the water gets into the boat, it sinks and you’re at a loss.
You do everything to not let water into your boat,
You abandon the boat if outside water gets into the dry boat.

The water Lily or Lotus grows in a dirty pond,
It increases the beauty and charm of the pond.
It doesn’t let the pond’s muck enter or stick to it,
It keeps its purity; the pond can’t pollute it.

Outside has to be kept *out* to keep one’s purity,
Man too must keep the world out to maintain his sanity.
If the world is no more fun and is becoming too much for you,
You only allowed it to enter your inner pure sanctum and pollute you.

The world enters you through your senses, eyes and ears;
It enters you if you give it undue importance and call it dear.
It enters when you brood over people, events past and future,
It takes a hold on you if you make transitory things into permanent feature.

It is never too late, you can, with understanding, even now shunt it out,
Undo what you did to welcome it in; pay no attention to it and it’ll move out.
Don’t give importance to unimportant things, nor brood, imagine or ruminate,
You will once again be pure and sane and have an original clean slate.

When you close your eyes, you close your door to the outside world,
Let there be no images of the things seen and heard from the outside world.
Without any images of events, people or things, no thought of the world is there,
You are now your pure self without an object or motion; you are peaceful and pure.

Twelve O’clock and Stuck

When the clock sings twelve and gets stuck,
The hour, minute and seconds needles are at twelve stuck.
Time comes to a standstill and it won’t move,
Your clock now refuses to yet again get into the groove.

Sounds silly? And how can that be?
Sanity demands of you and that is how you should be.
Not a moment right, not a moment left,
When stuck at twelve, you have just this moment left.

What do you gain by looking to the left?
That is past and gone; it’s unreal, for nothing of it is left.
What do you gain by lifting your heels and peeping to your right?
That is future, yet unborn; you cannot predict it right.

When you look often to the left- the past, you lose a lot,
When you peep in to right- the future, you again lose a lot.
Habit of peeping and dwelling right or left comes at a cost,
It is not insubstantial; but a considerable cost.

The cost is unhappiness and guilt if you often visit the past,
The cost is worries and tensions as you roam in future and exhaust.
The cost is losing this present moment, which is the only real time,
Only in this moment you truly live, for this is the true and living time.

If memories and imaginations start playing havoc with your life,
Peace, joy and happiness get drying from your life;
Nonexistent past and future are now occupying your life,
Sanity seems going and insanity appears gripping your life.

Be bold; decide and say, ‘I am stuck at twelve’
Not a moment right, not a moment left; for I am stuck at twelve.
I live in this only living moment and I am not at all scared,
No temptation can swerve me from the present, let it try and dare.

In this moment I am free and I live spontaneously,
I am natural and strong, I face everything boldly.
My joy is like a fountain that dances continuously,
I am stuck at twelve; this living moment for me lives eternally.

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March 2016 marked 20 years since Bahrain Medical Bulletin has started publishing poems of Dr. Anil Chawla. The first poems appeared in the March 1996 issue of Bahrain Medical Bulletin.