

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 "**Man and His Canine Friend**" and "**Nothing Personal Here!**".

The Chief Editor

Man and His Canine Friend

We went to our dog-lover uncle's house and rang the bell,
Out came the 'bark, bark, bark'; uncle is at home we could tell.
With dog's leash in hand, uncle would open the door,
We must pat and calm the dog before hello to uncle or entering
the door.

Some say we are from Adam and Eve and some say we evolved
from monkeys,
From where have dogs come and from where came the
donkeys?
The love that humans have for dogs they don't have for
monkeys,
There is much common between dogs and us, yet they say
we're from monkeys!

Walking in the street we see it every day,
Dogs have territories; no outsider could enter their fray.
Let a new dog enter and a fight begins,
If the barking won't suffice, soon the biting begins.

Territorial wars are not just human; they are in the dogs' world too,
Who learnt from whom, it is difficult to tell between the two.
When anger overpowers humans their shout is like the bark,
Then they become violent; they too bite after the bark.

Take 'road rage', how violent it often becomes,
We fight over property and possessions; life and death matter
it becomes.
So short tempered, possessive and territorial we have become,
Dogs were originally like that; like them we sometime become.

Dogs are loyal; yes! But only to their Master;
Everyone else to them looks like a Thief and a Monster!
Beyond one on one, us versus them is broad; but still is a dog's
vision,
Advanced humans look with love for all, in an all-inclusive
vision.

As humans we know of better ways to live,
Cordiality, co-operation, sharing are our better ways to live.
We sometime let go of possessions for humanity to survive,
Anger is a poison; we don't let our animality revive.

Nothing Personal Here!

What we see and observe is that there is nothing personal here,
Looking what we find is that, it is all universal, dear.
What is now in your hand and seems so personal,
It really belongs to the universe and hence universal.

Everything is changing hands here, from one to another,
What is today yours belonged to another.
What you call yours today will one day belong to another,
There is nothing personal here, it rotates from one to another.

We, like babies hold everything tight, calling them "mine"
This toy is mine, that possession is mine.
It is all an illusion; where are your childhood toys you fought for?
All gone! Like toys everything is passing, there is nothing to fight for.

The Universe was running when we came in and it was full,
We were empty when we came, it is the Universe that made us full.
All we have today is universal and not personal,
We will one day leave everything, so where is anything
personal?

The Universe only exists and we too are universal,
The Universe brought us forth, we are so universal.
The person only seems personal but is truly universal,
Personal is only seeming; the deep truth is that it's all universal.

When we know there is nothing personal, we hold things lightly,
So when the time comes we can leave and drop them easily,
happily.
Personal is temporary, universal is eternal, before and after
personal,
Therefore there is nothing personal here; be happy, it is all
universal.

Hey, all your insults, praises, criticisms and the psychological drama,
They are all passing, ephemeral part of the Universal drama.
Hold on to nothing, let go of everything, feel light here,
Even negativity isn't personal, it's all fleeting and universal here.

Hey, look; this is me, the person, look if it is truly personal,
Nay, it is parental, hereditary, generational and environmental.
The seed of all and everything is in the Universe and it's all
Universal,
Universe was, Universe is and Universe will be; it is all forever
Universal.

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