

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 “Deep Sleep!” and “O My!”.

The Chief Editor

Deep Sleep!

When the child was irritated and crying incessantly,
The mother knew that he needs a feed and will sleep instantly.
There is nothing like sleep that rests, refreshes and rejuvenates,
All tension, irritation and anxiety, without asking, it eliminates.

When you wake up, the cycle starts again,
Tension, anxiety return; where has gone the gain?
So each night, exhausted and tired, you want to sleep again,
To touch that state of deep sleep which you know is the real gain.

In the waking state we look at the outer world of diversity
through our senses,
In the dreaming state, we watch the inner drama without the
senses.
In deep sleep state, we watch nothing; there is but nothingness,
You are nobody, world is nothing, there is just nothingness.

In deep sleep state, you're neither young, nor old; man or a woman,
Here all adjectives go; you're not great or small, rich or a poor man!
You're neither a believer or otherwise; what is your caste or clan?
Here you/me/we are nothing and nobody; well, that is deep
sleep's Élan!

In deep sleep state, we are dis-identified from everything and
everyone,
It is in this state that we become nobody and no one.
But we don't die; heart, brain, breath and gut, function very well,
We wake up alive for the coming day to work hard and swell!

In deep sleep state we all become the quiet nothing; the
undifferentiated One,
Differences arise on waking, when divisions catch up with this One.
Differences and divisions you see, are superficial; deeper lies
the One,
Naked eyes can't see that one, so we forget the one and only
One!

We know, believing in differences and divisions is painful; so
we rush to sleep,
If in waking we can see beyond divisions, we can live refreshed
as in deep sleep.
Deep sleep teaches us to detect oneness behind differences and
diversity,
If we can see that clearly, we'll feel one with all and enjoy all
diversity!

O My!

My, my, my, O my, O my, O my!
Are not we all stuck with I, me, my?
Don't we all have so much of my?
My here, my there, everywhere is my, my.

My parents, my brothers, my sisters is Ok,
My uncles, my aunts, my cousins is Ok.
But the acquisitions of 'my' don't stop here,
The march of 'my' is unending, stops nowhere.

Then, my city, my town, my locality, my state, my country,
My road, my house, my school, my university in my country.
My teachers, my friends, my colleagues, my books and my
notes,
My toys, my possessions, my net worth, my degrees and my
vote.

All of my's journeys start with the birth of 'I',
Behind the concept of my, is this something called, 'I'.
Who is this 'I' in you and me that says, 'I', 'I'?
Is it the body that says 'I', 'I'?

Bodies are all different, what's common to all is this 'I',
Who is the one 'I' who in all the bodies, says, 'I', 'I'?
Maybe all the bodies belong to this One Big, 'I',
It's a puzzle; the secret behind my, my, my, is this 'I', 'I', 'I'.

Is this One Big 'I' including the 'I' of everyone, the "I" of God?
Well, maybe; I don't know; but O.M.G! O My God!
When our surprise knows no bounds, we utter OMG!
Everything is wonderful and mysterious here, O My God,
OMG!.

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March 2020 marks 24 years since the Bahrain Medical Bulletin has started publishing Dr. Anil Chawla's poems. His first poems were published in the March issue of 1996.