

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 “**It’s Only Memory Dear**” and “**The ‘I’ Bug**”.

The Chief Editor

It’s Only Memory Dear

It’s only your memory, dear!
On the screen of your mind images keep arising,
What you already experienced, the mind keeps revising.
These are visuals from your memory; they attract your attention,
You take images for real and alive; you give them full attention.

Agreed, some past experiences were pleasant,
You love to go over them over and over again in the present.
You get a kick out of them in your otherwise dull present,
Going over them mentally brings pleasure even in the present.

This sense of personal, free, ever available pleasure creates a habit,
Going over the past again and again; now becomes a habit.
This habit of self-sufficiency appears cool, but is a deadly habit,
It has often dangerous consequences, it is no benign habit.

Habit of going over now makes you go over even bad experiences,
The fights, the arguments and even violent experiences!
You have no clue, nor control; passively you go over these experiences,
Even today you get filled with hate, anger, guilt related to past experiences.

Taking memory for real, this habit is going to seal your fate,
Unhappiness for no reason is going to be your chosen fate.
It seems late now but it’s never too late,
Choose a different way to live and change your fate.

Memory is only memory, a mental projection of past, it’s not real,
Memory is not dwelt on; it is to be pushed aside for you to be real.
Memories do arise; going over them or not is your choice,
Refusing to dwell in the now unreal; has to be a conscious choice.

Good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant, waste no time on memories,
You won’t lose anything real by not living in the memories.
You will then be available to live this moment fully,
Your joys and sorrows will be real, you live them wholly.

Don’t take memory for real; it is reverberations only in your head,
This lion is imaginary; you sweat for merely a memory in your head?
If you leave the memory and imagination habit fully,
You may live every day’s every moment lightly, joyfully.

The ‘I’ Bug

Bugs of all kinds, you know, bite and cause disease,
The ‘I’ bug too bites and causes loss of ease.
Arrogance, anger, stress, depression is all un-ease,
The one bitten by the ‘I’ bug is seldom at ease.

‘I’ first, ‘I’ must, ‘I’ alone; that’s the ‘I’ bug’s thrust,
‘What about me’, ‘what about me’ is how it sounds and burps.
‘I’ bug’s poison works slowly but covers you entirely,
If allowed unchecked it can be dangerous and deadly.

The ‘I’ bug loves and feeds on your sense of insecurity,
The ‘I’ bug grows in proportion to your sense of insecurity.
A man secure and confident with faith does not catch this ‘I’ bug,
Your Immune deficiency is faith deficiency; so you catch this bug.

Project, promote, protect yourself, so says the ‘I’ bug,
You are deficient, you need more, exhorts the ‘I’ bug.
It makes us restless and hyperactive, this ‘I’ bug,
Mental peace, poise and tranquility are eaten up by this ‘I’ bug.

The bug uses imagination as a tool to self-serve itself,
It sees an enemy in what is other than itself.
This ‘I’ gets bound in the net it weaves by itself,
Caught in this web this ‘I’ finds it hard to free itself.

The first step to freedom is to know that you are bitten by this bug,
Next step is to learn how within us behaves this ‘I’ bug.
The third step to freedom is to watch as it arises, this ‘I’ bug,
Once you watch it constantly, it dies its natural death; goodbye,
‘I’ bug.

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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.