

TALENT IN MEDICINE

The medical profession is not different from other workforce sharing with them all 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 take 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 presentation. This issue contains two poems, titled "Wish to be a child again" and "Illusions".

The Chief Editor

Wish to be a child again!

I sat beside a three year old in a plane,
This Italian child played with his car and a train.
He rolled his car on my sleeve at first,
He thus broke the ice and showed his trust.

I took the lead and became his playmate,
Within minutes we were pals without a debate.
I uttered no words and nor did he,
We had fun and laughter in utter glee.

For the full seven and a half hours of the flight,
From NY to Milan we were friends in delight.
While leaving he smiled and waved a goodbye,
And left an imprint of love on my mind's eye.

We had religious, cultural, language and racial barriers,
The child was pure, unsullied by these unity demolishers.
Simple human to human relations a child knows,
And that's all that we should all be required to know.

These barriers maintain divisions in our one race,
Isn't it abhorring and a disgrace?
A child is the true representative of human race,
All learnt and taught differences are a lot of waste.

How I wish I would be a child again!
Suspicion-less, hate-less, free mind will be my gain.
But these learnt barriers hang heavy around our necks,
We labour all life like bullocks with this yoke on our necks.

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ILLUSIONS

Things are not what they seem,
This so called real world is but a dream!
Try to hold a thing which to you is dear,
It'll slip through your fingers, isn't it dear?

O that looks beautiful, curvaceous and pleasuresome?
Touch it and it'll bite you, be painful and troublesome.
The pleasure only seems, you put it where it isn't there,
Pleasure you imagine, the hidden kick you ignore.

You think you're blooming, growing and growing,
In fact you are decaying, rotting and slowly going.
Things and situations are always changing,
Now you see them, now you don't; keep wondering!

You accumulate things and believe they are yours,
You won't take them along, they'll stay back here.
This is mine, that is mine, that too is mine,
All our lives we fight over mine and thine.

Take your moods, how fickle, capricious and brash,
One moment you are glad, next moment sad!
Happiness is an illusion we try hard to catch,
We run after it and the more it eludes our grasp.

Hopefully one day we'll realize that happiness is within,
After trying all illusions we'll find our peace within.
World's illusions, mirages, images, they make us mad,
God give us wisdom to discard fiction and follow one fact!

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