

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 "A Kind of Love" and "O Waist".

The Chief Editor

A KIND OF LOVE!

Me and my wife, live in eternal strife,
She calls me, 'Mr. Wrong'; I never call her Ms Right.
When I call it a day, she must say it is night,
You will find us often arguing, such chances are bright.

Me and my wife, share everything in life -
Pins and needles, bricks and stones, all missiles within a mile.
She doesn't lose a chance, nor do I forget to strike,
If you saw us pulling at each other, suffer no shock or surprise.

Me and my wife, share a bed - of thorns too,
In the battlefield called our home, it has a broken leg or two.
Kitchenware, pottery, vases lie broken helter-skelter,
When the war begins there is nowhere to go for shelter.

Me and my wife dear, share our hurts too,
She bandages my bruises, I apply her ointment too.
And often have we cried in each other's lap,
We have shared the hanky to dry each other's taps.

'What kind of love is this?' asked a curious neighbour,
This is 'our kind of love'; we can't live without each other!
Together we have lived through ups and downs of life,
We've kept love alive, through our endless strifes.

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O WAIST!

Waist, O Waist, O my dear, dear waist,
Once used to be slender, trim, sleek waist.
Could flaunt you freely in leisure or haste,
They used to ogle at you in such a great taste.

Food was then healthy and work was hard,
Keeping you slim was not such a big task.
Used to run to work and walk to shop,
That exertion kept you groomed in a shape tip-top.

Then came Pizza, fries and junk food of sorts,
I put them in my tummy as if it was a waste box.
Automobile arrived and would take me to work,
Machines did all my chores and I lost no sweat.

Leisure time came in plenty, interesting TV to watch,
I became a couch potato munching chips as I watched.
These changing times and such changing lifestyles,
Brought about this plumpness that I dread to this while.

Results are so evident; my waist is now so vast,
I now only dream of that lean waist of my past.
I brought it upon myself; my great waist is lost,
Now they stare at this vast waist and feel aghast!

As they feel aghast they draw a lesson or two:
Let's eat only healthy, be energetic and active too.
Fatty foods are tasty poison our tongue gets used to,
Too much comfort is a bane, must start jogging too.

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