

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 "Dangerous Moves" and "Post Call Zombies".

The Chief Editor

DANGEROUS MOVES

If you enter somehow a 'No entry' zone,
To the fellow from the other side, you're not known.
Your move is full of consequences unknown,
Avoid this dangerous move, be you novice or well known.

You're young at heart; you've a love of the thrill,
You love to talk with the winds, cross speeds with a shrill.
Your machine may give way without notice or drill,
Speeding is a dangerous move, it may disable or kill.

You're a funny guy, love to chat on the wheel,
Either on your phone or with those in the automobile.
You may lose your focus; shift your eyes from the road,
Dangerous to lose control, dear keep a good hold.

You great guy, you think yours are the roads,
Why other users and why do pedestrians cross the road?
But do know better, roads are for everyone's sensible use,
Being oblivious of others is a dangerous move.

'Drinking and driving don't mix' they say;
Inebriated you feel great but you zigzag and sway.
You may drive on but you misjudge at every step,
Make not this dangerous move, you better give up.

"I wear no helmet; I love no seat belt,
Don't curb my freedom, I'm a free bird."

To stay free dear, you must be safe at first,
No dangerous moves; follow safety rules with trust.

Didn't sleep well or took drugs to fall asleep?
Driving with droopy eyes dear how will you peep?
If not fully awake don't leave your homestead,
It's a dangerous move you better be rested instead.

'A million die on the world's roads every year,'¹
So 2004 is the WHO's "Road Safety Year."^{2,3}
Each one of us must shun all the dangerous moves,
For 'the largest and most preventable epidemic' to be removed⁴.

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POST CALL ZOMBIES

With droopy eyelids, walking with us like a machine,
This young Doc is attending the rounds in a dream.
He has been 'On' since previous morning when bright,
He was on call, up and about, didn't sleep the whole night.

He now answers in monosyllables, understands little,
Miss-spells and miss-reads, is even slow to twitter.
His eyes are red, legs frail, brain very hot,
A little more and he will either shout or just drop.

This is not the first or the last time, that he knows is his fate,
It happens every third or fourth day and he can't escape.
It takes two days to recover; he can then see the next date,
He's wedded to the 'Duty Rota' for his career's sake.

Seniors won't help him for they have been through it all,
Since nobody helped them then, why now bother at all.
This is the eternal cycle through which all Docs must pass,
Like it or not, you have no choice, Alas!

Long hours prey on young Doc's health and take their toll,
They also make him thick skinned and insensitive to others call.
He may learn avoidance techniques, not respond to some calls,
Someone definitely suffers from this mismanagement of 'Calls.'

Now they've realized that our clients- the patients- do suffer,
If the doctor on call is not well-rested and doesn't appear fresher.
If the nurses, pilots, factory workers have eight hour shifts,
Is the doctor super human to give quality in 36 hour shifts?

Now somehow though late, the wisdom has dawned¹,
A shift of longer than 13 hours for doctors is banned².
After the shift, for 11 hours they must rest and not work³,
The quality of care will improve as 56 hours a week, law works⁴.

Young people have been deserting Medicine as a career for long,
They may now be brought back happily, they may sing a song.
We work for the good of the patient; we don't want any harm,
Let's have more doctors- dedicated to serve and charm!

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