

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 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 presentation. This issue contains two poems titled “Not Mine, Not Mine!” and “Patience!”

The Chief Editor

NOT MINE, NOT MINE!

The hardest two words to say are, 'not mine', 'not mine',
For all our lives we keep saying, 'this is mine', 'that is mine'.
Yet the most liberating two words are, 'not mine', 'not mine',
Can you say with some conviction, 'not mine', Sir, 'not mine.'

Have you seen a child when his toy is taken?
You gave it to him; he called it 'mine' and then being taken?
Have you seen the tears of misery in the child's eyes?
When what's 'mine' is taken away, it shows in the eyes.

Have you seen an old man lying on his death-bed?
Anytime soon all he called 'mine' he'll have to give up.
Can you see the twinge of sadness in his eyes?
Giving up 'mine' shows thus in the eyes!

How much there is that we begin to call 'mine'?
The house, the car, the land, the property its all 'mine'.
The wife, the kids, relations, connections they're all 'mine',
How much we accumulate and consider 'mine'?

We see and know the pain of leaving what's labeled 'mine',
Yet we keep gripping tight all that we call 'mine'.
To us the sweetest word in the world is the word 'mine'
Yet the most disastrous word is this word 'mine'!

Living and leaving without pain, I'm told is possible,
Avoiding tears, sadness and misery is surely possible.
Hold lightly, not tightly all you call mine,
Fool, you came with nothing, yet you call everything mine?

When you realize the foolishness of calling things, 'mine',
When wisdom dawns, with conviction you say, 'Not mine!'
Repeat the words, 'not mine', 'not mine' if you must be free,
You'll smile while giving up or going and forever feel free!

'Not mine, not mine', O my Lord, nothing is mine,
You gave me for use but fool, I held it like mine.
'It's all thine' O Lord, now I know 'It's all thine,'
'Not mine, not mine', 'It's all thine, it's thine'!

PATIENCE!

Here all that happens, happens at its pace,
You can't push anything, can't speed the race.
You must watch gracefully, the dance of nature,
The pace is pre-set, in the design of grand nature.

A baby is born, not in a jiffy,
You can't command," Come quick, Sissy!"
A good nine months of careful wait,
When the baby is born, it's never too late!

The farmer puts the seed in an appropriate soil,
Waters and nourishes it, protects it and toils.
The seed will germinate, bring forth plumes,
He can't rush it; knowing this he doesn't fret or fume!

A plant comes up, begins to grow,
Its pace is pre-written, neither fast nor slow.
At its own time it'll give you flowers,
Flowers to fruit and seed and then seed to flower!

The tree gives fruit and fruits are shed,

Then come winters, the tree looks as if dead.
But come summer and new leaves en-masse arise,
The cycle starts; flowers and fruits come, no surprise!

Look, look, wherever you look,
Mother Nature is like an open book.
Things happen in cycles at their own pace,
Rest & activity is balanced; what a grace!

Humans are but a part of Grand Nature,
Their cycles are in-built too, in their natures!
But our mind often forgets the laws of nature,
Creates a rush, jumps the pace, and ignores nature.

The mind thus creates its very own suffering,
Expecting before time, will sure bring suffering!
Patience, patience, nature teaches us patience,
Have lots of patience, you won't be a patient!

Anil Kumar Chawla, MD, MRCP(UK), FRCP(Glasgow)
Associate Professor of Medicine
Oman Medical College
P O Box 391, PC 321, Sohar, Oman
Email: adman111@omantel.net.om