

## 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, one deals with the art of love and the other with losing weight.

The Chief Editor

### JUST LOVE IT

Someone asked me once, the secret of success,  
"I just love my subject, that's what I guess."  
'Love conquers all'- you've heard I suppose,  
It's true, it's true, just try and you'll know.

Love works wonders, it engulfs your brain and heart,  
The subject you love permeates your every thought.  
Day in and out, you think and dream of your love,  
Your mind is saturated with the subject that you love.

You don't then need to force yourself to work hard,  
Labour of love flows naturally, you don't need a rod.  
Love emanates fragrance, you can't hide, buy or sell,  
Your love of the subject Sir, your enthusiasm will tell.

Your love becomes a force that pulls to it success,  
Success comes to stay with you, don't need no harness!  
Just love is enough, dear come on and just love,  
All else follows; you just fill yourself with love.

For once try love!

## **LOSE, LOSE!**

If you lose your body's weight in pounds,  
In case you're everywhere plump and round,  
This loss will be your gain and triumph indeed,  
You'll be healthier in word as well as in deed.

Losing flab in pounds is not for anyone a joke,  
More so for those who love fast food and coke.  
Wishing, wanting and hoping just won't work,  
Determined drive alone gets desired result.

Puffing, panting, fuming and sweating,  
By the roadside running, as also jogging;  
Straining and breaking your joints and bones,  
You may try and lose those extra stones.

In gyms of hotels and flourishing health clubs,  
Labouring on rowing machines, treadmill and stuff.  
Dancing, jumping and huffing in aerobic classes,  
You may lose some folds, some lumps and masses.

But lasting winners in this losing game,  
Will be those who can also train and tame,  
Taste buds on tongue, satiety center in the brain,  
To eat less than what's needed for weight gain.  
The sensitive balance of intake and drain,  
We must achieve and perpetually maintain.  
So that, having lost once we don't regain,  
Those shabby folds of fat and grain!

Dear myself, come on dare yourself and lose,  
This loss's going to be your gain profuse.  
Fitness, smartness and no health care costs,  
Are no mean gains to achieve and strive for.

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