

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 “**Eat a Grape! This is How!**” and “**Slavery of Sorts!**”.

The Chief Editor

EAT A GRAPE! THIS IS HOW!

One day, I was in no hurry, wasn't looking for escape.
On such a pleasant day, this is how I ate a grape.
Principle: “When you eat a grape, you just eat the grape,”
Tell me if I missed a step or two, or something escaped?

Light-greenish yellow in color, it laid well- washed,
Was oblong, two into one centimeter or so, I thought.
It was firm all over between my thumb and two fingers,
It was a pleasure to watch; but how long could I linger?

I put it between my lips and from there it inwards slipped,
My tongue rolled it sideways, between the teeth and lips.
It felt smooth, firm and robust, between the gums and tongue,
I tossed it right and left and it slid under the tongue.

After a few rolls, came the crunch time; the grape had to go,
In between my lovely jaws it landed while on the go!
My molars on the right side gave it a solid, big crush;
The grape's skin ruptured and its fine juice gushed.

As the juice rushed in the gutters along my teeth,
I felt its great taste and that was very sweet.

The molars crushed again and poured out the pulp,
The pulp was also sweet; I kept it, didn't gulp!

Juice and pulp out, I felt the grape's skin between my teeth,
Full of fiber and a bit sour; it had covered the juice underneath.
I crushed and crushed and crushed the skin many a times,
Till it was shredded to pieces and became very fine!

I wanted to do justice and eat the grape well,
I resisted the temptation to swallow the grape's gel.
I loved it as I rolled it all over within my mouth,
From east to west and from north to down south!

The taste buds carried the wonderful taste to the brain,
I enjoyed this great journey without a tram or train.
They say, this is the way to eat; eat with all attention,
If we gulp our food, we are in a hurry that causes tension!

SLAVERY OF SORTS!

Americans of olden times bought African humans for their life-time,
They acted as their Masters; treated them bad as slaves and slime-
Until Lincoln fought and abolished slavery in US of his times!
Slave-trade did stop but the mentality continued for a long time.

The control, the arrogance and comfort of being a Master,
Aren't easy to give up, let there be wars or disaster.
Money and power create arrogance in man's head,
He looks for control over lesser folks looking for bread.

We now live in a global village, in the so-called free world,
People are free to express and move anywhere in the world.
Slave or slavery are considered bad words to use,
Human slavery is thrown into history's dustbin as refuse.

Slavery is gone but are humans really free?
It is indeed rare to see a person who is fairly free.
Some are slaves to alcohol, cigarettes, chemicals and drugs,
Others are slaves to pleasures of flesh, property and rugs.

Most humans are slaves to their acquired concepts:
'My group is better; theirs is bad' is one such concept.
Their rigid concepts create between humans walls of all sorts,
Walls of race, religion, region; language, color and caste!

Most humans also are bonded slaves of their thoughts,

Slaves, because they can't at will stop their own thoughts!
When thoughts of hate, fear, jealousy in your head start,
Tell me honestly, when you say stop, do they stop?

What's the true cause of our bondage, where is our enemy?
In most cases of misery, not without but within is the enemy!
Recurrent negative thoughts simply Okayed & obeyed, that is slavery,
When slavery to thought goes, humans become Beings-joyful & free!

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