

## **Talent in Medicine**

The medical profession is not different from other workforce, sharing 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 literary works. This issue contains two poems titled “**Retired? Now Find Yourself!**” and “**At the Final Call**”.

**The Chief Editor**

### **Retired? Now Find Yourself!**

Now you are retired, all jobs mostly done and over,  
You must be tired of acting as a role over and over.  
You acted as a doctor, engineer, clerk or supervisor,  
You acted as a husband, father, brother and driver.

Now you are retired, it is time to have a good look,  
Are you all the roles you played from the cook book?  
It is time you deeply enquire who you truly are,  
Behind all the roles you played, who you truly are?

‘Who am I’ this question will often arise in your bosom,  
Don’t ignore it, it’s the most profound question, its awesome!  
If you find answer to this question, you can be liberated,  
Liberated from worry, tension and sorrow, yes, you’ll be liberated.

Now look, when you are in deep sleep, of body you aren’t aware,  
You are there; for you to be there, of body you need not be aware.  
Even in the dream state, of body you aren’t aware,  
It is only in the third or wakeful state that of the body you are aware.

Now look, look at a dead body or a corpse,  
It doesn’t move or function or says ‘I’, this corpse.  
If body alone were ‘I’ why won’t it utter ‘I’, this corpse?  
It is now evident, without ‘I’ this body is just a corpse.

Even if you once believed you were the visible body:  
Ask yourself: the infant, adolescent, adult or old, which body?  
The head, the heart, the limbs, some part or all of that,  
The body made of food from earth, is earth, no more than that.

Am I the mind, the thoughts or the concepts, notions that I acquired?  
All thoughts and notions have been changing just as they desired.  
I have watched all these changes from childhood till I retired,  
Aren’t you the observer and knower; the unchanged ‘I’, of all that transpired.

‘I am’ you’ll thus find is pure consciousness, awareness, unattached,  
‘I am’ is always pure, peaceful yet alert intelligence unabashed.  
Worry, tension, sorrow are passing mental phenomena, ‘I am’ is aware of that,  
‘I am’ is the Lotus like canvas; mind is like drops of color, don’t stick on that.

### **At the Final Call**

His feet were half already in the grave,  
Within him he felt the resolute pull of the grave.  
And yet he wasn't willing to call it a day,  
And yet he thought he had a full field day.

The charm was great to stay; a little more stay,  
The world had totally involved him in its play.  
He was still drawn out by its every other parlor,  
Its magnetic pull got him stuck in its every corner.

Look; he has name and fame, what have you? You've lost,  
Look; he is great; you too could've been, you didn't pay the cost.  
See; he is running a business and service; to show, what've you got?  
See; he has a great family; I tell you, you've lost, you've lost!

All he had done or achieved came to a naught,  
'Comparison' was the disease in which he was totally caught.  
He was restless; always looking at life's Toms and Jones,  
The world was always ahead of him in each and every zone.

The final day was approaching but peace was nowhere near,  
New desires arose and kept pushing him from his rear.  
He was getting exhausted and shaky but never felt fulfilled,  
The world had so entrapped him, yet he felt incomplete, unfulfilled.

He was now haunted by the question: What is the way out of it all?  
He began to realize his folly of taking the world too seriously at all.  
He realized soon in joy, that all the running around was a drama after all,  
He'll now stop all role-playing and rest in inner peace at the final call!

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