

TALENT AND MEDICINE

The medical profession is not different from other workforces 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 Dr Anil Kumar Chawla volunteered two pieces of poem demonstrating a unique gentle talent; one is a reflection of the practice of smoking among doctors and the other about obesity.

The Editor

THE PUFFING DOCS

When I tell a patient with bronchitic cough,
That smoking is bad and it should be stopped,
He laughs at me and answers back, "Sir, if
Smoking were really that bad for health,
Why so many of your tribe, the Docs would puff?"

That shatters my confidence to convince the patient,
I am forced to keep quiet at that moment.

But strangely, when I tell a patient of heart attack pain,
That smoking is the cause and it should be stopped,
The answer is always, "I would never ever smoke again".
On follow up I often see, that most indeed have quit for good.

Puffing a cigarette, blowing smoke rings into skies,
Is pleasure and fun but only until when,
The pain attached to the act is gel and clearly seen,
As the most severe pain which nearly shatters all dreams.

I wonder why only a catastrophe is required,
To wake us out of the slumber of feigned ignorance,
Simply to notice the bold writing on the wall,
"The evidence is strong that smoking is the cause of it all".

In this matter, doctors, are no different from laymen,
The urge and compulsion to go and smoke, is stronger than,
The force of factual knowledge they may have,
Devoid of a painful experience, this force fails to force.

In a corner of the hospital, away from public gaze,
There is a room where the Docs may smoke,
They have several pretexts to puff and fume,
For concentration, to relieve tension, or constipation,
Or for indigestion and to stay slim.

All nice reasons, but all cooked up,
For, don't they pass motion, who never got hooked up.
The danger they know is very real,
But heart attacks they feel happen only to others.

The real culprit, Sir, is Lady Nicotine,
Its grip on the brain cells is strong and keen,
The dependence is both physical and psychological,
So no more than 3 % smokers per annum can quit¹.

Within eight seconds of the first puff²,
Nicotine reaches the blood and the brain cells,
The cells get excited and ask for more,
Little wonder then, that cigarettes are,
The most addicting Products known¹.

The best way to quit, friends, is not to begin,
For fun or adventure or just to stay slim³,
Prevention here, is better than cure,
Educating kids can work for sure.

Ban tobacco advertisements or ban public place smoke,
These partial measures, would only partly work,
Stop tobacco cultivation, stop its imports,
We may loss tobacco revenues, but save in health care costs,
We save lives, health, happiness and environment the most.

FOLDS OF FAT (ADIPOSA EXCESSIVA)

Folds of fat, folds of fat,
Hanging from the chest, the waist and just below that,

Tell me dears, how on earth,
Did you quietly enter all places like that?

Fold of fat, you stores of fat,
Energy stored for a rainy day!
But that rain doesn't comes the whole life long,
And we carry the extra weight to grave.

Laden with cholesterol and triglycerides,
Bloated become the adipocytes,
From fatty streaks to sclerosed vessel walls,
The organs get pale as the blood supply falls.

Measure it as weight or as body mass index,
In the shape of an apple or the pear shape,
Thickness of the Triceps fold will show,
How much you need to stop to grow.

Lovely, beautiful, well rounded you make,
If at right places and in right amounts,
But hanging and bulging at wrong places,
You make one a figureless, shapeless blob of fat.

Children wonder, adults stare, give a naughty smile,
When the figure they see is elephantine.
The load is so much, the center of gravity shifts,
Keeping in balance without a fall, is an art that doesn't come
to all.

Giving large surface area, displacing large volume,
You help a person to float and swim,
But to walk or run on surface land,
Is like climbing Mount Everest without oxygen or wand.

Carrying the load of two or several in one,
The heart weeps silently, the knees cry aloud,
And the hips no longer can swing and dance,
To the rhyme and tune of the Song of Swan.

Folds and loads and tiers of fat, I know you,
And your secret routes and ways,
How easy to get the folds in place,
But how hard to melt you or displace.

Beware, behold, listen one and all,
There's only one way the thief can enter you all,
To rob you slowly but surely of,
Your figure, your shape, your health and all.

Two sweet lips surround its portal of entry,
The tongue that should guard, now doesn't protest,
For the taste of sweets and fat it just won't detest,
When the thief's partner is the guard, God save the owner
and the landlord.

Lock your doors, friends, seal them well,
Train your guards of taste and smell,
For poison here is sweet, not bitter, and
Too much of a good thing is bad they tell.

Let's gird up our loins and make a resolve,
To watch our figures and keep we smart,
The balance of intake and output must show,
That more doesn't go in than we need to burn and glow.

Shapely figures of the fitness burns,
Envy of the young and of old dads and mums,
Let's cross the road to the fitness side,
And let them envy us in awe and surprise.
Wow, how beautiful!

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