

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 "Awake or Dreaming Again?" and "Box, Box, Box!"

The Chief Editor

Awake or Dreaming Again?

I tried to sleep and soon I was dreaming, caught up in a fanciful dream;
An impossible, improbable, other-worldly combination of visuals on inner screen!
A strange combination of visuals, ideas, actions, motions and confabulation,
I was watching the dream, fully absorbed in this movie of figures and visualizations.

When I passed into the dreamless deep sleep state, I don't know,
But I woke up refreshed from sleep, well that I do know.
'I had a wonderful sleep' I exclaimed with joy!
I was fully awake now, ready to toil in the world full of joy.

There are thus three states of man- awake, dreaming and deep sleep state,
Man is the awareness of consciousness behind and through these three states.
I am aware I am awake; I was aware I was dreaming, I was aware I had a deep sleep,
I am the fourth state, the state of awareness of all of the states, awake or asleep.

Sometimes or often, while awake also my attention gets occupied with the inner screen,
A drama, a story of memory, imagination and aspiration pulls me to watch the inner screen.
Even while awake I am dreaming for I am absorbed with the story on the screen,
Thus absorbed and lost in dream I made an accident and 'Oh My God' I had to scream!

Dreaming is Ok as part of the process of sleep; it is dangerous to dream while awake,
Day time dreaming means you are still asleep though you may appear awake.
Be clear in the head; don't get into and lost in dreaming while awake,
Stay with a clean and clear inner slate; not full of words and visuals while awake.

Box, Box, Box!

We are so fond of boxes; we box almost anything and everything,
We pack in different boxes anything and everything.
We've come to love boxes, one box for one thing and one for another thing.
We've come to expect a box for it whenever we see a thing!

We don't just box things, we box people too,
People we divide and classify into boxes and label them too.
We now look at the label and color of the box and decide its content too,
Humanity has divided itself into innumerable boxes; isn't it a wonder too?

We are boxed in terms of religion: each religion has its own colored box;
We are boxed in terms of language, region, color and creed; each with its own box.
When anyone meets you, the first thing they want to know is the nature of your box,
They will love you only if they love your box!

There is no right or wrong box; you don't have to be rigid about boxes,
It is by chance and not often by choice that each one of us is in our boxes.
Being flexible and miscible, we can break all the six walls of all the boxes,
No walls to limit me; I am just a human like you; I give up all the boxes.

Boxes we hold on to because they give us a sense of security,
But outside the box if we see enemy, it is fear; box gave only a false sense of security!
Freedom from boxes and walls is the only true security; we live in fearlessness and joy,
If you want unending, uninterrupted joy, get into this box free vast space of joy.

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March 2020 marked 24 years since the Bahrain Medical Bulletin has started publishing Dr. Anil Chawla's poems. His first poems were published in the March issue of 1996.