

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 “Stay Alone!” and “Our Comparisons!”

The Chief Editor

Stay Alone!

‘To be happy and peaceful, stay alone’, he once told me,
I was literally awe-stuck when he thus told me.
Staying alone, I said is impossible and hard at best,
How can you stay alone in this world of competition and contest?

As I felt bewildered, I asked him to explain,
‘To be happy stay alone’, what’s the meaning of this refrain.
The world and society are barging into you at every corner,
How can one avoid them, explain to me, a farmer.

Staying alone doesn’t mean living a cut-off life,
It doesn’t mean feeling lonely all your life.
Staying alone doesn’t mean not interacting,
It doesn’t mean living in a world of thoughts and keep reacting.

Staying alone means staying alone on the inside,
It means not to get contaminated by the outside.
It means not to be stuck with anything or anyone that’s outside,
It means living clean and clear as ever on the inside.

You know, the boat floats well when it is on the water,
You know the boat drowns when it gets filled with water.
The boat of mind floats when it is on the world, that is its water,
Mind’s boat begins to drown when the world gets into its quarters.

Think not of things, people or situations when they are over,
Quickly come back to the original alone within, don’t linger or hover.
When you go to sleep daily, you throw out the world and become alone,
You empty your mind of happenings and people and become alone.

Staying alone means don’t hold on to or hoard anything in your mind,
No hoarding? You will be empty, light and joyful in your mind.
The cause of unhappiness is holding, hoarding and repeating in your mind,
Remove all that, stay alone within; you will be happy with the ‘this moment mind.’

Our Comparisons!

We are so used to comparing; it is part of our nature now,
We cannot see a thing and not compare it with another right now.
We compare so often, we forget to notice what we are comparing,
We compare the often incomparable; we compare for comparing.

We compare apples with oranges and justify it,
The two are incomparable but we strongly deny it.
On seeing something in the present, we bring in the past,
How does the present, tell me, compare with the past?

Comparing two people is the most foolish thing we often do,
Together here now, but our routes make us ‘the incomparable two.’
In the same class we are but our family circumstances were different,
Still, we compare and expect; we don’t accept we’re bound to be different!

Even in the same family where circumstances are same and similar,
Brothers and sisters may be different and are often quite dissimilar.
Comparison is foolish and futile; is at the root of criticism and competition,
Comparison, criticism, and competition are the three causes of contrition.

Comparison is a devil that spoils all happiness, freedom, and joy,
Simply abandon comparison from your life and you may live in joy.
The dawn of wisdom is ‘on’, when a man lives without comparison,
He has learnt it through life’s hard knocks the futility of comparison!

June 2021 marks 25 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.

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