

Talent in Medicine

Dr. Anil Kumar Chawla

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 "All my Eagles!" and "Nothing personal here!"

The Chief Editor

All my Eagles!

Eagle is a daring, strong, powerful, focussed, agile bird,
An Eagle can pick with its claws its prey and fly ahead.
Arabs keep Falcons and Eagles as pets for sport and such,
Look at their focussed eyes; no target is too far or too much!

I climbed up the stairs and reached my Tower's 14th floor,
The view was great; light morning clouds covered the globe.
Three eagles were roaming in the skies, free;
I constantly looked at them, for it was a great sight to see.

One of them stood still in space without moving wings or feathers,
It stayed like that for three to four minutes together.
It seemed to enjoy the stillness and the beautiful weather,
When the eagle is standstill in the air, it 'stalls', it may hover.

Another one without moving a wing took a turn and floated away,
It 'floated' away for over a mile as if let loose in a wind current's sway.
A third one flapped its wings and flew away, away, far away.
Eagles are great flyers; they hold the skies in their sway.

I looked down and I saw several of them hovering just above the ground,
Their eyes were keenly 'scanning' the ground for food around.
They flew in circles round and round, I wondered if any food they found.
Today was my Eagles day and I was feeling lucky for the sights profound.

Stall, float, fly and scan; the eagles taught me their life's joyful plan,
Don't be always rushing in life, do sometimes stop and stall,
Sometimes let go and flow with the flow, just float, no effort at all,
Or you may flap your wings and scale heights, high, mighty and tall.

Scan, scan, scan; you always scan the earth, the skies and in between,
Scan and look; but let not your sight get stuck to useless themes.
Scan your thoughts too and see they are not stuck on worthless schemes,
In life, stall, float, fly and scan and you can fulfil your worthwhile dreams!

Nothing personal here!

What we see and observe is that there is nothing personal here,
Looking what we find is that, it is all universal dear.
What is now in your hand and seems so personal,
It really belongs to the universe and hence universal.

Everything is changing hands here, from one to another,
What is today yours belonged to another.
What you call yours today will one day belong to another,
There is nothing personal here; it rotates from one to another.

A baby holds everything tight and calls it mine,
This toy is mine, that possession is mine.
It is all an illusion; where are your childhood toys you fought for?
All gone! Like toys everything is passing, there is nothing to fight for.

The Universe was running when we came in and it was full,
We were empty when we came; it is the Universe that made us full.
All we have today is universal and not personal,
We will one day leave everything, so where is anything personal?

The Universe only exists and we too are universal,
The Universe brought us forth, we are so universal.
The person only seems personal but is truly universal,
Personal is only seeming; the deep truth is that it's all universal.

When we know there is nothing personal, we hold things lightly,
So, when the time comes we can leave and drop them easily, happily.
Personal is temporary, universal is eternal, before and after personal,
Therefore, there is nothing personal here; be happy, it is all universal.

Hey, all your insults, praises, criticisms and the psychological drama,
They are all passing, ephemeral part of the Universal drama.
Hold on to nothing, let go of everything, feel light here,
Even negativity isn't personal; it's all fleeting and universal here.

Hey, look, this me, this person, look if it is truly personal,
Nay, it is parental, hereditary, generational and environmental.
The seed of all and everything is in the Universe and its all universal,
Universe was, Universe is and Universe will be; it is all forever universal!

Dr. Anil Kumar Chawla
Senior Consultant Physician
Global Hospital and Research Center,
Mount Abu, Rajasthan, India.
E-mail: chawla.ak@gmail.com
June 2022 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.