

Talent in Medicine

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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 "My Life boat!" and "The blind doctors!"

The Chief Editor

My Life boat!

O Lord, please take me across the sea of life,
Please take my life boat across and save my life.
My life boat is shaking, not moving, in fact it is sinking,
Please keep it afloat and moving, why is it sinking?

The Lord: "You accumulated so much in your head, you made it heavy,"
"You created possessions and owned them as your privy."
"You invented relationships and held them strong in your bevy,"
"All the junk you stored in your head is making your life's boat heavy."

"The world was for you to float on and enjoy."
"You started owning, storing and holding it, and made it kill-joy."
"Throw out stuff, gather nothing, nor hold it in your head,"
"If your head is light and empty, your life boat will happily tread."

O My God, I now realise what a fool I had been?
I filled and filed useless stories in my head and now I scream!
I need to make it light as I got it on my day one,
I need to throw stuff out from my head, to keep it a clean one.

Grouses, grievances, complaints out, I live at zero complaint level,
News, views, opinions, I no more cherish, they are passing novel.
Relations and possessions I deal with but own none at a mental level,
My head remains hollow and empty, junk-free; wow, at a different level!

I don't react to events, I kicked out hopes and expectations,
I happily live contented in whatever is life's presentation!
I hoard nothing in my head, my head stays light and free,
My life's boat thus unencumbered, makes me glide and feel free!

The blind doctors!

Ever heard the poem of six blind men and the elephant?
J.G. Saxe in his poem tells the blind men's predicament.
They all feel a part and conclude about the elephant,
They were partly right but actually wrong about the elephant.

Doctors are made blind by training in the medical school,
The Hippocratic oath commits them to stay blind after leaving school.
This blindness is not of seeing but blindness to differences one sees,
It's not a physical blindness: this one patients can feel and see.

Doctors are made colour blind, they ignore the colour of skin,
They treat all people alike, be they of black, white or brown skin.
They know it too well, the truth that lies under the skin,
The gift is in the box, the wrapper only is skin.

Doctors are also made faith, religion caste and creed blind,
Though these factors divide societies, the doctor to them is blind.
These things matter not to him for he knows what binds,
He is firmly bound to humanity, the distinctions are peripheral, don't bind.

The doctors are blind to borders, just like rain and Sun,
They treat humans the same, be they Arab or Persian.
'Medecins Sans Frontieres' or MSF is a group of 'doctors beyond borders',
Wherever on the globe there is need, they go serve crossing all borders.

Blindness is a gift they bestow on us in medical school,
This gift gets us blessings of all humans once we leave our school.
Humanity is one, everyone knows but we truly put it into practice,
Blind doctors the society loves and we prosper in our practice.

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