

## 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 "I think I made myself crazy!" and "The Secret!"

### The Chief Editor

#### I think I made myself crazy!

I think I alone made myself crazy,  
I think I was solely responsible, not Christie, not Daisy.  
When no one asked my advice, I kept poking my nose,  
I got back jeers, sneers and in a good dose.

I commented on everything I saw or heard,  
I got thus involved with all of them in my head.  
I didn't ignore or let go of anything at all,  
My head remained always active, a chattering fire-ball.

Get this, get that, I always wanted gain but no loss,  
I dreaded even the thought of any loss.  
Greed became my nature and my habit,  
It kept me on tenterhooks, stress gripped me like a habit.

I thought and thought about not just this or that,  
At the centre, it was me and my, the core was the 'I' thought.  
Self-centeredness and selfishness caught me like a vice,  
I put myself in a trap of my making, never felt free or nice.

All that I thought or did was making me crazy,  
I got fed up of living in such a manner that was crazy.  
I got some good advice that I now strictly follow,  
I now feel liberated, live a full life that's not hollow.

'Avoid over thinking, commenting and passing judgements,'  
'Find and mind your own business, you will get fulfilment'  
'Hanker not for anything, live in contentment'  
'Everything here is passing, hold nothing tight to avoid bereavement'

'Be pleasant in manners and feel good for all'  
'Everyone is important; not just you but all'  
O my God, I was crazy because of my own foolishness,  
I am healthy now and freed for good of my utter foolishness.

#### The Secret!

Sometimes the obvious is too obvious and gets ignored,  
Sometimes what is too prevalent gets overlooked.

The obvious and the prevalent have to be then unravelled,  
Like if I show the mirror to you, you feel unravelled.

Inner peace is one such thing that is so obvious but feels lost,  
Man's quest for peace is a proof it is lost.  
And yet it is always so near and close, it can't be lost,  
But we keep looking for it everywhere and out, it stays lost.

We have two states, a state of peace and a state of disturbed peace,  
We often shift with ease from one to another state of peace.  
If we stay too long in a state of disturbance, we forget to return to peace,  
And when it becomes painful, we start hunting everywhere for peace.

The secret is to not to look for it where it is not,  
The secret is to look for it where it is lost.  
Inner peace must be looked for inside and within,  
It won't be found outside for it is lost within.

Look within and you find there is a noise of words and thoughts,  
Look within and notice the silence of deep sleep without a thought.  
Notice also the silence between two thoughts,  
Peace is inner silence, disturbance is by endless, useless thoughts.

When you drive a car, you know how to shift gears,  
You have to learn too, to at will shift inner gears.  
From thoughts to no thought, can you bring the gear down?  
Can you bring the gear to neutral and park it in your godown\*?

We are giving too much importance to thoughts,  
We are following to the hilt, each and every thought.  
We have forgotten the art of braking and halting,  
We have forgotten our home station and the art of parking.

Your home station is the inner silence that you have often noticed,  
Go back to it every time, don't get lost in thoughts unnoticed.  
Come home, stay home, love your home, the silence; not the thoughts,  
You will be restored to peace, bereft of thoughts.

\*godown= warehouse

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March 2023 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.