

## 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 “Farewell to Fear, I Sing S-L-O-W-L-Y” and “A Cloud that Never Showered Down”.

The Chief Editor

### Farewell to Fear, I Sing S-L-O-W-L-Y

A nameless fear grips me  
When your name is uttered  
Fragments of shunned past  
Rush in and push me back  
Into that inferno, where you reign,  
Where you smile and scythe,  
Where you engulf more than you need.

I pray,  
-my only arms against you-  
Winter will have you frozen  
In breath and pith,  
Squeeze life out of you,  
Burn the ‘demon-you’ to ashes;  
Make earth a better abode  
For the meek ones’ right to their share.

Your vile grin, diminished now,  
My fear low and now be gone,  
Not any more of  
A lone bone gnawed by mongrel canines.

My heart gathers grit  
Bit by bit  
With each beating pulse  
...My prayers answered,  
To bright moments of future I march.  
...A farewell song to fear,  
I sing...  
S-O-F-T-L-Y---  
S-L-O-W-L-Y.

### A Cloud that Never Showered Down

One dark, gruff cloud.  
Never moved, nor showered.  
Signals it sent occasionally,  
As ear ripping thunderbolts  
Or slashing flashes, one or two.

On the lonely beach,  
Over the bruises of streets,  
In the hottest of skies  
Stood the cloud, sinister shaded,  
Never moving, never pouring...

Waiting was it, to strike when hottest?  
I did not know.  
But the cloud hung,  
Heavy and dark, fighting  
The fiercest of storms.

Days came, days went.  
And then the nights.  
Rains poured,  
Earth drank the virgin raindrops.  
Tiny fronds curled out their baby fists  
Wet and wearied, the sky succumbed,  
To all prodding of the ruthless world beneath.  
Up in the sky,  
Still,  
The cloud stood alone,  
Ever so dark,  
Ever so gruff.

Valiyaveetil M. (Mehnaz Ali). *The Phoenix Song*. Delhi, India: Bookwell; 2015.

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