

## **TALENT IN MEDICINE**

The medical profession is not different from other workforce sharing with them all 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 presentation. This issue contains two poems titled "YOU AND I " and "DADDY COOL!".

**The Chief Editor**

## **DADDY COOL!**

The world is being run by the Big Daddy, Daddy Cool,  
He runs it through each head and each body as His tool.  
He'll 'plant' you where He knows you'll be of use,  
He'll put in your head to do His will & you won't refuse.

He is the One, who fulfils every one's sincere wish,  
He'll bring one and another together to fructify that wish.  
He moves you and me here and there to do His task,  
We fulfill some of His big task but we may not ask.

Religion, caste, gender have no meaning in His big game,  
You're only His tool, with big or no name and fame.  
He may send an atheist to fulfill a believer's dream,  
Or put a saint across a sufferer to dry his tear- stream.

He who thinks he's independent, running his own job,  
Misses the panoramic picture of the Big Daddy's big job!  
We're all being moved and placed to serve His big purpose,  
His purpose once over He'll move us to another surface.

Just wait and wait patiently for inspiration for His next move,  
He'll create situations but it'll appear your own clever move.  
That, that's the fun, the fun of His big game,  
He'll let you feel as if you moved on your own.  
Imagine a giant amoeba with central cytoplasm and billions pseudopodia,  
Now He's the central consciousness, we're all His projected pseudopodia.  
He moves us pseudopodia around to fulfill His grand purpose,  
We're all thus connected and exist to serve Him and His purpose.

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## YOU AND I

My, my, my, O dear what if I look beyond the eyes?  
Two eyes only limit me, must open my third eye.  
I, so and so; you, so and so, appear so different to these eyes:  
Foreigners, aliens, strangers, neighbours, so say the eyes.

When I looked deeper and farther, with my inner eye,  
I saw no duality; all I saw was only I.  
I, you, all of us, I see it as only I,  
It's I, I, I, no doubt it's all me and I.

If I was born in your house and developed in same environs,  
I would be no different from you, don't you so discern!  
You and I grow with the same food derived from mother earth,  
We'll finally also mix as one dust buried under the earth.

I now see myself in everyone, be it sinner or a saint,  
The difference is only apparent, the truth is so transparent.  
We often take 'mirage' as real and dreams as real too,  
Appearing separate is like a mirage, in fact it's me in you.

When you laugh aloud, it makes me laugh and smile too,  
When you are sad, my heart is saddened too.  
When Tom winces with pain, I get goose pimples too.  
There's no doubt in oneness dear, you in me and I in you!

I saved your life with blood, your group same as mine,  
Now I live right inside you, where are mine and thine?  
O brother, brother, O brother, nay my very own self,  
You aren't distinct, it's all one, it's all me and myself.

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