

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 take 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, one about the hilltop and the other about our joy.

The Chief Editor

From A Hilltop

A curvy, serpentine Himalayan road took us to the top,
Of a steep hill; on its precipice we came to a sudden stop.
For a few long moments we stood there still, spellbound,
Our hearts leapt with joy as we took in the scene around.

An enormous vastness of Nature lay spread before us,
Far and near was clear, without haze or fuss.
For miles and miles stretched high and low hill ranges,
Higher mountains shook hands with heaven's angels.

The farther summits carried a canopy of rich pine forest,
The closer inhabited slopes were a sheer delight.
Millions of yellow wheat pods, signs of abundance and hope,
Planted on a thousand 'Step-farms' decorated hill-slopes.

Apples, Plums and Peaches adorned trees on some farms,
It was an exciting sight for us from urban plains.
Sheep and goatherds grazed on the nearby peaks,
They climbed vertical slants with an ease and finesse.

Miles below where the slopes met their rocky, rough base,
The jungle was dense green full of darkness and shade.
In the midst of those depths was a shining silvery streak,
It was a mighty river that looked magnificent indeed.

It was calm and quiet but not quite so!
A rare bird chirped, few goats bleated moo, mo!
Fierce wind hit the hillocks as it blew shoo, shoo!
We stood there firmly as our shirts fluttered fooh, fooh!

Those twenty minutes spent on a Himalayan hilltop,
Have left a lasting imprint of the scene that I mopped.
Now whenever I wish to feel enchanted, enthralled, entranced,
I dip into my mind and come out enriched and enhanced.

And now you may do so!

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OUR JOY

On a June sunny day, the clouds roamed low,
They aimlessly wandered the sky very slow.
Father Sun played hide & seek with kids below,
It would sometimes set and sometimes glow.

Soon the winds blew fast; the clouds grew dark,
A dust storm gathered, sunny day was overcast.
Thunderstorm & lightening dramatised the scene,
Nature in such raw ferocity we had seldom seen.

We jumped with joy as a hailstorm started,
A very fine aroma the cool breeze wafted.
That smell of rain was quite captivating,
A billion raindrops made music exhilarating.

The dust now cleared, sunlight reappeared,
Winds & rain danced together, we too joined.
We frolicked & played in puddles and streams,
Our joy was limitless, beyond our dreams!

Heavily laden clouds burst to unload and pour,
The streets got flooded with more and more.
We waded and ran in chest-deep waters,
It was inimitable fun and unending laughter!

As the final drizzles ceased, we floated paper boats,
And heartily encouraged our boats to stay afloat.
Boat extravaganza over, we dressed up after a shower,
Totally refreshed, renewed and rejuvenated forever!

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