

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 "LIFE" and "WATCH IT".

The Chief Editor

LIFE

It was a dead body that lay on our table in the hall,
Six of us* stood around it to fathom the mystery of us all.
We dissected it meticulously, step by step, part by part,
By the end of one and half year we knew it by heart.

The body is now dead, as there is now no life,
The brain and the heart are intact but dead without life.
In the cells the cytoplasm is there but where is life?
This body like another couldn't survive without life.

No-body can survive, be alive without life,
All our bodies are alive only because of life.
When life goes away, the body can be disposed away,
When life is in place; the body jumps and sways.

What moves you is life, what moves me is also life,
Life is here, life is there; what moves, well that's life!
In all of us alive, born and dying alike, is it many or one life?
Life, O Life! Tell me; are you so many or one life?

"Like one electricity lighting millions of bulbs,
Like one Sun that reflects the same in a million water pots,
Like the so many waves that arise from one sea,
Like the air that pervades inside and out, I am just ONE LIFE."

Life every moment creates around it, different shapes and forms,
They appear distinct but are bound by Life's charm.
We are Life's children; it's Life that connects us all,
Appearances are deceptive; see the hidden Oneness and embrace all.

You've the body, made of earth (food), water, heat, air and space,
This body made of matter decays and dies after its course.
The course is set by Life as it enters the body or as it leaves,
Who is then this 'I', the dead body or the charming Life?
Well, obviously, the Life!

*Us: first year medical students in the anatomy hall.

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WATCH IT

Watch it, watch it, and watch very well your mind,
It'll take you for a ride, your smart and tricky mind.
Constant chatter in your head, flow of thoughts is your mind,
It won't let you rest; you better watch your mind!

Here a complaint, there a grievance, misery creator is your mind,
Ever restless, wandering haywire, crazy, crazy is our mind.
You let it loose; it'll destroy your peace, such is your monkey mind,
If you watch it not, it'll possess you all, this powerful mind.

Likes and dislikes, views and opinions, love and hate fill up the mind,
Biases, prejudices, memories of events long past clog your mind.
Daily actions and reactions, struggles and fights fluster your mind,
Where is rest, where is calm, where is peace in your mind?

Me and mine, you, yours, they, theirs – egoic differences galore,
Identification with some and opposing some - beliefs of yore.
Endless information, thoughts and emotions stuff your mind,
Where is the place for a peaceful, tranquil corner in your mind?

You are not thoughts, you are the Master, you watch your thoughts,
Live in the 'Now'*; you direct, correct and silence your thoughts.
If you lose control, let mind be your Master and follow it to the hilt,
Within no time you'll be thrown overboard, you'll be badly hit.

Watch your thoughts; watch them as they come and as they go,
Like a neutral Observer, stay calm, peaceful, unperturbed.
Identify not with any thought, yes, any thought,
This Observer then is you, real you*.

You are not all the labels and adjectives after birth you got-
Like son, daughter, Indian, American, Christian, Muslim,
Doctor, Engineer, worker, labourer, great, small, fat or slim,
You are that Observer beyond all thought, believe it or not!*

* 'The Power of Now' by Eckhart Tolle. Namaste Publications, Canada.

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