

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 “**Just Vibrations!**” and “**It Just Appears!**”.

The Chief Editor

Just Vibrations!

My ear was aching; I felt I was getting deaf,
I saw an Otolaryngologist in a huff.
He looked at my ear as he shown some light,
He said the eardrum was OK and was shining bright.

He then picked up a box with six varied tuning forks,
He picked up the one with 256 cps* vibrations after a stroke.
He held the vibrating tuning fork near my ear,
And asked me if I could or couldn't hear?

'I could hear, I could hear', I said in a cheer,
He smiled and said there is nothing to fear.
But I kept wondering about the science of sound,
Resting tuning fork was quiet, vibrating produced the sound!

Sound is vibration, but is all vibration sound?
Ultrasound waves penetrate deep but produce no sound!
Light travels straight as vibrating waves but no sound,
Radio and electro-magnetic waves are vibrations without sound.

The Universe is full of vibrations of an infinite kind,

If we only believed what we saw we will be fools of a kind.
Just as vibrations outside there are vibrations in the world within,
Fools if we didn't know our very own within!

You are resting, at peace with the world and a joy within,
There is almost no vibration as you peep within.
Come someone and tell you, 'You didn't do right; you were wrong',
Vibrations are set in motion; resting bell is hit by the gong!

Irritation, anger, aggression, sadness and depression are only vibrations,
Excitement, pleasure, happiness are just different frequency vibrations.
Like six varied frequency tuning forks in the ENT** doctor's box,
We are all different how we vibrate and how long the vibrations last.

For some an event creates a shallow ripple which is quickly lost,
Others vibrate endlessly to the same event which lasts and lasts.
Some let the event hibernate and hold it in their memories,
The seeming resting tuning fork will vibrate if you stirred the memory.

This vibrating nature Sir, is cutting at my roots,
Something keeps happening and my peace it uproots!
My joy goes missing as I vibrate too often and too much,
I am looking for a remedy and a doctor who provides me such.

I found a doctor, who told me the inner science and its subtle ways,
Breath and vibration are connected; master breath to keep vibrations at bay.
I am still trying the treatment and it seems quite effective,
The peace and calm are imperturbable; I've found a great corrective!

*cps= cycles per second

**ENT=Ear Nose and Throat Physician

It Just Appears!

The sky is blue; well, only a child will say so!
To a scientist it just so appears; it isn't truly so!
On a sunny day on the road ahead water just appears,
It's just mirage; for if you reach closer it just disappears.

The crop that stands there, seems real, but so it appears,
The trees, the buildings seem solid but so they just appear.
Keep watching and soon all that will cease to appear,
There is nothing solid or steadfast; here, what appears disappears!

A man is standing there; you might deal with him,
But before long he won't be there don't search for him.

The man just appears solid; he is disappearing; he'll disappear,
If you watch long enough in front of you he'll disappear.

Name anything that is there- it isn't there, it sure just appears,
It just appears; don't like a fool try to hold it, it'll soon disappear.
Trying to hold on to an appearance, only deluded fools, yes they do,
Taking appearance for real they suffer pain; yet they often do.

Pleasure? You think there's pleasure in the object of your desire?
Pleasure just appears; disappears soon on getting what you desired.
How long will you keep running for the apparent pleasure in objects?
When will you finally learn, pleasure just appears, it isn't in any object.

Beware, don't give your heart, everything is a transitory appearance,
Heart breaks are frequent here, for we try to grasp an appearance.
Appearances are deceptive, they have been saying for long,
Blinded by appearances we thoughtlessly run in to them head long!

Now you see it, now you don't, that happens in a dream,
Know that even while awake you are living a dream.
Dreamer, you may act in this dream but don't get stuck to the dream,
Taking dream for real is the bane of existence on this planet of dreams.

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