

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 titled "Gas Factory" and "lotus in the Pond".

The Chief Editor

GAS FACTORY

Tom came to my clinic sullenly one day,
He was totally fed up with his gaseous ways!
He swore he ate - only solids and no gas,
And yet it seemed there was gas and only gas.

Gas, he felt filled his middle bloated section,
Gas also seeped from his top as well as bottom.
Burp and burp, turr... and purr... was ever so often,
He couldn't rest or relax, it was incessant and persistent.

The mid-segment gurgles and the musical borborygmi,
Were heard by his friends who smiled and looked funny.
The burps and the turrrs were so noisy and boisterous,
They stopped strangers who gave looks not innocuous.

He described his predicament with near tears in his eyes,
To what length he went to avoid public's ears and eyes.
He always looked for corners to let the gas pass,
To drown the loud noise he would often turn a tap.

He tilted right or left to make way for the gas,
He first looked around to let the passer-by pass.
This explosive gas problem had made his life a shambles,
He thought people laughed wherever he assembled.

This gas had made him nuts, his life was miserable,
He felt he had no control and that made him depressed.
He recognized some foods as gas-makers notorious,
But whatever he ate ended up in this gas so mysterious!

What could I tell Tom I was in a dilemma and quandary?
I looked into his eyes and told him this truth extra-ordinary:
“O dear, don’t you feel lonely; nor do you feel depressed,
It’s every guy’s problem, so you now cheer up instead!”

He heard with rapt attention how the gas was formed,
How the ‘Gas Factory’ worked in our body’s mid-land.
How dangerous it would be if the gas stopped to come!
So finally he smiled and said to the gas, ‘Welcome!’

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LOTUS IN THE POND

This world, this world, is so beautiful but so mysterious,
Looks straight and simple but is crooked and notorious.
You think you know it and understand it well,
It deludes you, deceives you and fools you so well.

With your eyes open what you see you call real,
When the eyes are closed the dreams too appear so real!
Awake real or dream real, really none of it is real,
It’s all changing so constantly all real becomes unreal.

Life is in perpetual motion, nothing ever stands still,
It only seems real as moving figures on a reel.
It’s all a movie, a drama is being enacted,
We’re all actors and are being remote directed.

What you call real it very soon disappears,
You thought you could clutch it, it leaves you in tears.
Don’t clutch anything howsoever real it appears,
The reality is transitory and apparent, it’ll disappear.

Live in this world you may, let not the world seep in your heart,
If the world lives in your heart, your heart will break apart.

We need to live in this world, like Lotus lives in a dirty pond,
The muck is all around it but can't touch its beauty so profound!

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