

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 "THE SPIRIT" and "FUEL WATCH".

The Chief Editor

THE SPIRIT

Life will sometimes knock you tight,
Lob you left, center and to the right.
Flatten you; smother you in the fight,
You'll be beaten and roughed up in daylight.

Aptly called, "the University of Hard Knocks,"
Life'll make your boat severely tilt and rock.
Life will play these games with you O dear,
It'll hide you, mock you and lay you bare.

Will you cry, be afraid, depressed or withdrawn?
Curse life with your every breath and yawn?
Or will you be able to keep your calm and cool,
Know life's purpose in using knocks as a tool.

Have you prepared yourself for some knocks?
Gathered enough mental strength in your stock--
Thoughts of strength, vigour and invincibility of Spirit.
Of courage and belief in ultimate victory of your grit.

Knocks are a way of teaching us lessons,
To make us strong so our weaknesses lessen.
Let's take the due knocks with a mental poise,
Smile at the naughty, often belligerent ways of life!

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FUEL WATCH

Ronny was given charge of a machine,
That would take him places, run and swim.
He loved and adored it to a whim,
Always filled its tank to the brim.

Fuel in the machine was always in excess,
His travels consumed so much less.
Extra fuel got stored as lumps and bumps,
His machine became heavy, round and plump.

You know how much Ronny loved his machine,
Took care of it to the extent of a whim.
When he got it, it was sleek and buoyant,
Over the years he made it into a hefty giant.

It does take him places, as well as swim,
But the speed and alacrity is gone to the winds.
Ronny wonders as he looks at his machine,
He loved it so much yet it's failing him.

One day he met Uncle Quinn in a gym,
Who had kept his machine thin and slim.
“Too much love Son, needn’t mean too much fuel,
Don’t refill till it has consumed the first gruel.”

“Fuel in must be equal to the fuel out,
Don’t overfill now for a future drought!”
Ronny sadly had overfilled all his life,
Now he understood his uncle’s precious advice.

He now runs his machine up and down,
Forces out stored fuel as sweat from his crown.
He watches the quantity and quality of fuel in,
He won’t refill till the fuel out matches fuel in.

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