

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 “THE POTTER’S POT” and “WHAT CAN YOU DO?”

The Chief Editor

THE POTTER’S POT

I saw a clay-potter just the other day,
Rotating the potter’s wheel, holding the clay.
With both his hands he gave shapes to the clay,
As the wheel rotated different shapes came into play.

A rounded big pot with a huge fat belly,
Another one with a long neck and a slender belly.
Yet another was small and rounded, looked so cute,
The next one was strange and looked like a boot.

He dried them in sun and hardened them in the oven,
Then coloured them in different hues of the light of the sun.
They all looked attractive and were a pleasure for the eyes,
He put them in the shop to catch the buyer’s eyes.

He put water in all of them to prove they were strong,
There wasn’t any leakage and nothing was wrong.
The buyers stroked and tapped the pots to check their strength,
As they admired their beauty standing there for a length.

Varied coloured pots, of different sizes and shapes,
Who knows how strong, how long they'll last or break?
Fifty years or more or even tomorrow nobody knows,
The mystery always lingers, no pot is destined to know.

But look closely and deeply and you'll see they all are one:
The substance that makes them, the clay - it's one.
The space the pots enclose, that space is one,
The water they contain that is one and damn it The Potter is One.

Look how one becomes many and then fools everyone,
We're fooled by colours, shapes, sizes and forget the essence.
The wisdom of oneness dawns but all too slowly,
It happens at its own time but then you can see it clearly.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

You can move your finger?
Yea!
Can the finger move if not connected to hand?
Hand to the torso?
Torso connected to the brain?
Brain supplied by the heart?
Heart beating and pumping the blood?
Who is beating your heart?
You?
Life! Consciousness, Spirit, Soul!
Whose life is it anyway?
Yours? Ha!
Will it be there tomorrow?
For sure, you don't know!
Can you stop your sneeze? No!
When the bladder is full, can you hold it?
No, like a machine you run to the bathroom.
If life does everything,
Without life you can't do a thing,
Life is not your property,
Life is not under your control,
What can you do?
Brag!
You can surely brag and take credit,
That's all you can do!
Try, prolonging life by a minute-
No way.

It's not yours or else you could command,
Stay! And it would stay.
But no way.
You do nothing, nothing at all,
It's life, One Life, that does it all,
In you, in me and in one and all.
Stay on the ground, not lost in your brag,
Life would leave anytime soon,
Thereby puncturing the proud bag of brag.

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