

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 Sun and Shadows!**” and “**Stories All!**”.

The Chief Editor

The Sun and Shadows!

On a morning walk when the sun was up above,
I was looking at the ground as I walked ahead.
Suddenly one, two then many birds appeared on the ground ahead,
They were the shadows of the birds that flew overhead.

When the Sun is up, we have a shadow or we have none,
The shadow may precede us, follow us or be a centered one.
The place of the shadow is determined by our relation to the Sun,
Where we are in life is determined by our relation to the inner Sun.

The light that incessantly shines within us is our Sun within,
When we're in the here and now, we are in touch with the Sun within.
When we are fully present in the present, we're centered, we cast no shadow,
When aligned with the inner Sun, we are one with the Sun, we've no shadow.

If we dwell in the past, we are trying to hold a shadow,
If people live in their past they are only holding a shadow.
The sun, the person has moved on as we dwell in his back shadow,
A shadow, Sir is a shadow; it is no truth; it is but a shadow!

When we are running, trying to catch our future, we are following a shadow,
The future is equally unreal; it too is nothing but a shadow.
Howsoever attractive and glamorous, future is simply a shadow,
If you live there often, you're trying to catch the uncatchable shadow.

It's futile; it's futile, why we're wasting time with the shadows,
Try howsoever hard; you can never hold a shadow.
Holding the live, present moment, we may live as one with the shining Sun,
The Life that shines within us is the ever shining shadow-free Sun!

Stories All!

Each one of us is a story lover;
We all love stories, we're good story listeners!
We love reading tales, we are story grabbers,
Few of us, though are great story tellers!

Story making is how our mind works; it is its basic nature,
With every sensory input it makes associations and conjectures,
You see something and look, a story in your head starts making,
You hear something and see a story is already in the making.

Mind not only makes, it stores the stories very well,
Facts may be forgotten but stories it can tell!
How many stories it stores it seems such a deep well,
My goodness! I can't even fathom what all is stored in my well!

Stories do serve a purpose; perhaps are necessary for survival,
Stories entertain the human race; seem essential for its revival.
Stories may be good, not so good and some may be bad,
You only store stories that you have been told, O Lad!

Isn't it stories that make up our personality?
The stories that we love subtly transform our personality!
Stories change into beliefs which affect the way we feel or think,
Stories affect our behavior; for we behave the way we think!

Story making is Ok if stories we make are positive,
Survival is endangered if stories we make or hear are negative.
Also, if too many stories our head gets filled with,
Survival is endangered as freedom to think is lost forthwith.

Look within at the story, 'I am so and so' and 'I am such and such',
That is a self image you believe in and project for the rest of us.
We have images and stories of 'I' as also of 'you', 'they', 'them' and 'us',
All stories; little facts; we are in their grip, all of us!

Now suppose; just suppose, we stop making stories altogether,
And we get out of our head all the stories we had lovingly gathered.
Now, tell me how light in your head you feel?
You are pure, pristine intelligence; freed of burdens on your zeal!

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