

Talent in Medicine

The medical profession is not different from other workforce, sharing 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 literary works. This issue contains two poems titled “Home” and “The Goalkeeper”.

The Chief Editor

Home

Home is where you come back and find rest,
So they say 'East or West, Home is the best.'
There is no place like home, so does everyone know,
Home is where, after birth, we develop and grow.

Every morning we go out for work, leaving our home,
Each evening we come back to our 'Home, sweet home.'
In home it is that we find true rest,
At home it is that body and mind relax and rest.

What is home; a private place with a roof, floor and walls?
What is home; where no one interferes or calls.
What is home; where love reigns and there is no gall,
What is home; where you and the loved ones and no one else at all.

Where is the real home, the true source of peace, dear one?
There is a place within you, it is there, dear one!
Peace is an internal state, where there is no noise or chatter,
That inner silence is our true home- always there before and after the chatter.

If we recognize this inner home and stay here often,
Your peace will persist; you won't be disturbed that often.
Live and operate from this home of inner silence,
It brings love and joy that emanates from this silence.

The Goalkeeper

When you were born, you didn't know a word,
You were blank, no language, no alphabet, not a word.
Without words no thought is possible, so no thought was there,
Your home, your base station, your space, the goal is that, be aware!

If you were aware of your goal post, you will protect it like a goalkeeper,
You will keep your goal post safe from any onslaught like a goalkeeper.
As you grow and language enters, words enter and you allow thoughts to enter,
Through your thoughts people, things, events and the whole world enters.

What you see is outside, it's neither you nor yours, yet you allow it to enter,
What you hear is similarly neither you nor yours and look how easily it enters.
Through what is seen and heard, the whole world you allowed to enter;
Into your sacred private original quiet space, you allowed the world to enter.

The restless world when it has entered, creates restlessness within you,
It obliterates the peaceful original space that was once within you.
Why it entered and stays there is because you forgot your job of a goalkeeper,
Keeping out the onslaught of the world was your job as your own goalkeeper.

When you sleep at night, you throw away the world; lock, stock and barrel,
If you didn't do that you won't be able to sleep, you would be in constant quarrel.
But when you wake up you again allow the world to re-enter and play havoc,
Too much of world within, in your repetitive thoughts; well, it only plays a havoc!

During daytime also, don't forget your job of a goalkeeper,
Don't let thoughts of the world, the balls, to enter, be a vigilant goalkeeper.
Keep intact your inner original space of silence and serenity,
Be watchful and never forget your inner sacred sanctum of peace and serenity.

Don't identify with thoughts as they come and grow within,
Watch the empty thought free space in between thoughts within.
Don't let go of that space-that's your space, that emptiness within,
Watching thus, all chatter will soon disappear; your peace will be restored within.

Dr. Anil Kumar Chawla, MD, MRCP (UK), FRCP (Glasgow)
Senior Consultant Physician, Global Hospital and Research Center
Mount Abu, Rajasthan, India, Email: chawla.ak@gmail.com

March 2016 marked 20 years since Bahrain Medical Bulletin has started publishing poems of Dr. Anil Chawla. The first poems appeared in March 1996 issue of Bahrain Medical Bulletin.