

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 “**Matter Has Life!**” and “**What is Here and Now is True!**”.

The Chief Editor

Matter Has Life!

All that is matter, too has life,
Matter is transitory and has a life.
Matter would soon have lived its life,
Matter of all kinds has a given life.

The strongest building crumbles and degenerates,
In a hundred years or more, it will evaporate.
Its cement, the steel, plastic and wood would fade,
It'll fall to the ground that it graced.

The strongest and tallest tree is no different,
It will fall or be felled soon or in a time distant.
It would bear fruit for so many years,
Then once barren, it would fall in the coming years.

The mountains, the hills and the stones that seem so solid,
One shudder of earth or the heat of a volcano, where goes the solid?
This hard matter too has a life: a thousand years or millennia,
All that you see with eyes is born to die, in seconds or millennia.

Our bodies are also matter and so have a life,
How evanescent it is, we see it in our everyday life.
'Apoptosis' or cell death is written in genes of every cell,
All systems in time degenerate in senescence till the final bell.

The cycle of life, from birth, marches its natural course,
It culminates in degeneration and death like a clockwork course.
The body that you see as a moving solid structure,
It's hollow within and prone to illness, fracture and rupture.

On food the body grows, exists and persists,
Food is matter; body is matter; on food it subsists.
This body too has life; an in-built life span,
You see it now here and soon it'll be going, going gone!

What is Here and Now is True!

Where your body is, your true 'I' or self is there,
If your body is here, the true self, 'the real me', must be here.
From the true self the body is alive; it's always with the body here,
The real self is 'the presence', your presence, is always now, here.

The true self is the real me or 'I am' and is always here,
If the true self is not here, 'I' will be dead and nowhere.
True Self is the absolute, the energy that enlivens every cell in here,
'I am' is the life that stays with the body which is always here.

What is false self then? It's the mind, the self or 'me' that is seldom here,
It is relative; relative to others, dwells in past or future or elsewhere.
This 'me', the thought and the idea of me, doesn't move the breath,
It doesn't beat the heart, is imaginary, but rules us by stealth.

Mind, the false self, talks and talks and talks like hell,
It talks to itself even when nobody is there to say or tell.
When its chatter will be over it is hard to predict or tell,
It covers the true self which as silence within us dwells.

If mind's chatter and fears and worrying is making your life hell,
Stop and look within; till you find a core of silence within the shell.
Stay with the silent core often; thoughts won't trouble you any more,
Stay with the true self; be the real self, you'll love it to the core.

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