

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 “**Our Sorrows**” and “**Ground Zero**”.

The Chief Editor

Our Sorrows

Man or woman, we've all encountered sorrow,
Some live in it occasionally, some mostly live in sorrow.
No one needs to tell us, we know what is sorrow;
Joy may be rare, what is common is sorrow.

When he doesn't do what I want, there is sorrow,
When she doesn't give me what I want, there is sorrow.
When my needs are not met there is sorrow,
When what I own is threatened with loss there is sorrow.

When you and me confront each other, there is sorrow,
When we don't confront but accept each other where is sorrow?
Our likes and dislikes are often the sources of our sorrow,
How badly we react to situations is the cause of our sorrow!

Even when I am alone, well there may be sadness and sorrow,
My memories and imaginations work on me and create my sorrow.
Memories of events long past often causes me to suffer in sorrow,
Imagination of a hopeless future now, also brings in me great sorrow.

My thinking, therefore is the chief cause of my sorrow,
My reactions to people and events are causing my sorrows.
I can't blame anyone for my sorrows,
And so I alone will take me beyond all sorrow.

If I change the way I think and feel about things and people,
If I change my reactions to situations and what I call other people;
If I correct or get corrected my thinking glasses, I feel free of sorrow,
When I wear correct thinking glasses, distortion goes there is no sorrow.

Ground Zero

We are so impressed by levels of men and women - some dull some glow,
Like buildings and trees of different heights - some high some low.
Though nothing is at the same level, yet everything is from the ground,
Nothing exists without the ground, yet no one notices the ground,

Everyone here is lost in differences; no one finds the common ground.
For living or non living, earth is the common ground.
All that you see on earth, is nothing but earth,
You and me while living or dead are from earth and go to earth.

Earth is what we all are made up of,
Earth is where to we all are also sent off.
Us, good, bad or ugly, it's all but earth,
Tall or short, smart or dull, it is nothing but earth.

We subsist on earth; earth is us,
All elements of earth make up what we call us.
This body is made of earth's water and minerals a great deal,
Add space and energy and you have the whole deal.

You, me, us are no different, we're fooled by appearances,
Black or white, thin or fat are nothing but appearances.
Our substance is one, what if there are different appearances,
If only we saw similarities we would forget differences.

If we realize our common ground as but one mother earth,
We will gladly share our food, shelter and hearth.
We will fight much less and love much more,
This world will be heaven we won't have to die to reach heaven's shores.

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