

TALENT AND 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 take 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 pieces of poems demonstrating a unique talent; one is a reflection about the poorman's health while the other is about the great expectations and demands.

The Editor

Poorman's Health: Who Cares ?

He slept by the roadside, this homeless man,
Few clothes, no possessions, had this man
Exposed to the cold, heat, dust and dangers,
Among society's garbage, lived this poor man.

There was another, with a meagre shelter,
He would beg or engage in menial labour.
Six members of a family to support he had,
Neglected by society, outcast he felt, this poor dad.

Some people thus live on society's fringes,
Starvation is close and real, on daily bread life hinges,
Making both ends meet, is a struggle indeed,
"Not fit to survive", in Darwin's evolution creed.

'Poverty is a curse', so the saying goes,
It debases the body, mind and soul,
Poor often succumb to the rigors of existence,
Poor nutrition, poor health and a mere subsistence.

For people living in the city's ghettos and slums,
Poverty is seldom the only problem,
Illiteracy, ignorance and superstition abound,
Apathy of rulers, makes their problems compound.

Overcrowding in the slum-dwellings, their stuffy indoors,
Exposure to the nature's raw elements, outdoors,
Health facilities don't reach, the poorest of the poor,
No wonder, certain ailments, are endemic and endure.

Lack of resources, personal hygiene and sanitation,
Lack of strength, a voice or enough education,
Are reasons why infections and malnutrition prevail,
That cut down the life-span, of our society's frail.

We blame the poor for all their ills,
Look the other way, to get away from feelings of guilt.
Who indeed is responsible for their fate ?
Society's cruel rules, or its rich and great ?

'Survival of the Fittest', a rule of the jungle may be,
What'll be a civilised human society, if that were true ?
Human mind sure is, not just an animal mind,
Kindness, and compassion in abundance, you may find.

If all of us who 'have', helped those who 'have-not',
Poverty's effects could be cut, if not halved overnight.
We won't feel guilty of accumulating wealth,
If we shared some of it, with society's poor instead.

If all rich and able followed this prescription,
And didn't hesitate from service or donation,
The world will become a much better place to live,
Men will not only hoard, but full of love, also share give!

Amen ! Be it so !

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Great Expectations, Great Demands

One of the oldest professions, in the man's world on earth,
Promoter of health and life, enemy of disease and death,
Physician in the society is in great demand,
From the doctor, the public has, great expectations, great demands.

All doctors are bound by the Hippocratic Oath,
To keep interests of the patient uppermost,
They call it therefore, a noble profession,
Doing good to all, what a great expectation, great demand!

He must serve with a smile, be ever helpful and kind,
Solve all problems, of body, soul and mind,
He should restore health and allay also fears,
He is not God; yet, great expectations, great demands.

He must keep all self-interest in abeyance,
Must be always available, charge only a pittance,
Must live simple, be sober, wise and bland,
From his noble profession, great expectations, great demands.

To make a good doctor, takes such a long time,
Five years of education, several years of training time,
The grinding that a doctor in the making undergoes,
Is truly tough; but is his profession's, great expectation, great demand.

A doctor must work on, day and night
Often over the assigned 56 to 72 hours a week,
Yet he must be alert, awake and right in mind,
Not super-human!, but it's a great expectation, great demand.

A doctor mustn't smoke or drink or drug,
Set an example, be a picture of health instead,
Stay cool and calm, satisfy patient's needs, demands,
Live happily, even under stress, it's a great expectation, great demand.

Medical knowledge is growing, at a rapid pace,
Merely to keep up-to-date, you have to race,
He must know the latest, on finger-tips of his hand,
From this hard working genius, great expectations, great demands.

Continuous professional development, or CPD is a must,
Continuing medical education or CME must go on,
Both are necessary, just to stay in the profession,
Recertification every 7 years!, is a great expectation, great demand.

You be sincere, do good and right all your life,
But make some mistake, they'll hold you tight,
Authorities, or patients may take you to court,
Stress and tension, part of life, of great expectations, great demands.

But if you love this ancient profession of yore,
If service to mankind is your goal and forte,
Such highly motivated and dedicated doctors find,
Great satisfaction, great rewards; despite great expectations, great demands.

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