

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 “**Mindfulness to Mindlessness**” and “**The Missing Rider**”.

The Chief Editor

Mindfulness to Mindlessness

Being mindful means to be aware!
Being aware of what goes on in here.
Everyone is aware of what goes on out there,
True awareness is being aware of the in and here.

Out there lie all sensory perceptions and interactions,
What you see, hear, perceive; say and do kind of actions.
In here is different, it is the mind and mental actions,
Like what you think and feel and how you react to situations.

To be mindful is to watch your thoughts, feelings and reactions,
Just as they arise or happen within, all these mental actions.
Mostly these inner actions happen in unawareness and automation,
When you are mindful, nothing inner will escape your attention.

The more constantly you apply attention on the inside,
The more the mind behaves; being watched it can't take you for a ride.
Your mind which before would often take you by a storm,
Your mind would now learn to behave within your norms.

Being mindful leads to creation of a no-mind which is very benign,
It no longer upsets or disturbs you; lasting peace is its eternal sign.
Being mindful creates a sort of pleasant mindlessness,
Where mind is a friend; its no nuisance; for there is no restlessness.

The Missing Rider

There was a coach with five horses I saw in my dream,
It was beautiful and the horses looked smart and trim.
The coach was running restlessly off and on the road,
The horses' mane was ruffled and flew off their coat.

They ran helter and skelter, as if in some mad race,
They rode rough on the uneven surface without much grace.
Soon I saw there was blood on the wheels,
I wondered what was missing what was not on even keel.

I was shocked when I saw the missing rider,
He was being dragged wounded by the wheel's rubber glider.
He was hurt, bloodied and crying, crying for some help,
No one was around to stop mad horses and give him help.

The rider lost control of the reins of his horses,
And they were strong, smart and restless fierce horses.
The coach he couldn't control if he lost control of the horses,
They threw him off the coach for they were forceful horses.

I woke up and I found the dream was a story true of me,
I was the wounded rider, I knew it was me.
The five senses of vision, hearing, taste, touch and smell,
Along with the mind have been driving me crazy like hell.
Look at that; listen to that; come touch this and that,
Let's smell and taste that; my mind is always telling me all that.
I, the rider have been following a mind, restless and forceful like that,
I've been driven crazy by my unbridled, uncontrolled senses like Brats.

I was the missing rider; I realized the body was my coach,
I had lost control over senses and mind and so this dwindling coach.
I am awake now and I know I must regain control,
To make my ride smooth and a joy and not run out of control!

There's a way to control the senses and the mind, I've got it now;
I practice the skill with dispassion and my horses are in some control now.

Practice here too makes one perfect; I keep up with perseverance,
A peaceful, calm ride is dawning on me; the coach is now my convenience!

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