

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 “**Eternity**” and “**Human Being!**”.

The Chief Editor

Eternity

Whatever you see, whatever; it is not personal,
Everything here is not individual, but impersonal.
Everything here has been there since times immemorial,
Be it matter or spirit; natural or un-natural, it is eternal.

The body that I call mine and you yours, is not ours,
Each atom and molecule in this has been acquired.
It is gotten from the earth which is a storehouse,
Of billions and trillions of bodies that lived before us!

I am eternal, you are eternal, each particle in us is eternal,
We are from earth and earth is eternal.
It is eternity that walks around or sleeps and rests,
In every new form it takes, it is eternity, we can't detest.

If matter is eternal, what to say of spirit which is even subtler,
The Spirit is eternal too; so subtle, there couldn't be anything
subtler.
Gross or subtle, what you see or don't see; has been here long!
What we call ours, body or spirit, it's impersonal; not to us it
belongs.

It is eternity that lives in all shapes and names and forms,
There is nothing new here; it only changes name and form.
There is One Existence that has existed here since long,
We get fooled by appearances and confusion gets prolonged.

Human Being!

Thanks to them, our ancestors called us human beings,
Not human 'doings' but human beings.
We're so pushed to do this and that we've become 'doings',
As if one not feverishly doing is not a human being.

Human being has two components: human and being,
We are sometime 'human' and sometimes 'being'.
Human, everybody knows, very few know the being,
Born as human, we must know and live as 'Being'.

It is human to live in stress, tensions, worries and fears,
It is human to dwell in dead past and imagined future, dear.
It is human to suspect and doubt everyone far and near,
It is human to hoard and want more and more, it is clear.

It is human to be full of ideas, notions, concepts and dogma,
It is human to think of victory, vengeance and all the drama.
It is human to lose one's sleep, comfort and rest,
It is human to hunt for happiness, love and trust.

When humans can withdraw the value they've given to the world,
When they can be equal to the presence or absence of the world,
When their mind has become free of the chatter of this world,
And there's no hurry or flurry, no mad rush in their inner world.

The state of calm and quietness that results within is that of being,
That imperturbable peace and joy is the state of the being.
Living in that state is called living as being,
Living as human is common; rare is living in the state of 'Being'

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March 2016 marks 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.