

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 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 poems, one deals with the problems of our hair and the other with the art of communication.

The Chief Editor

MYSTERIOUS HAIR

You may have black or brunette, blonde or brown,
Straight and long, or short and curly on your crown.
Your hair mark you up, my dear Dame or Sir,
Beauty, personality, identity are due to your hair!

I was born with a plump and curly head of hair,
I'm not sure if I didn't take good care.
My hair began to fall in daily big, big bunches,
I felt scared, full of cares, and had bad hunches.

My hair was now here, now I saw it nowhere,
Doctor if you care, please stop my falling hair.
It's going, it's gone, with the speed of a hare,
O my hair, my hair, my dear darling hair!

Disloyal Hair! It seems you don't care,
You deserted me and left my nice pate bare.
With you I was beautiful, even proud, O my dear,
Now I avoid public glare, for they laugh as they stare.

Docs assured, if some hair fall the others do grow,
Yet despite their hopes, my hair continued to go.
When most of it was gone, they gave up pretences:

" Why we lose hair, Sir we fully don't know!"

A lady friend though had a different hair tangle,
She had more hair than what she loved to handle.
They grew at odd places she thought they made a scandal,
On her face, the trunk and on the legs above her ankles.

A doctor called it Hirsutism, did tests for various causes,
"No cause found, not much to offer", he said with long pauses.
She must shave or cream them off, or undergo epilations,
She paid through her nose; her beautician was all jubilation!

A friend's hair became all grey; he was only in his twenties,
Something must be wrong, he saw doctors in plenty.
They accepted their ignorance without fanfare or fancy,
"About falling and greying of hair, our science is in infancy."
Mysterious hair, Forever mysterious hair!

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SPEAK UP

When I was a child, from somewhere I read,
That 'Silence is Golden' and that got stuck.
It suited me well when I was young,
It saved me from trouble, as I was unsung.

A well-mannered adolescent, won't utter a word,
Such a great boy they hadn't seen in this world.
The praise from all around, truly worked on me,
Habit of keeping quiet thus grew strong in me.

But things were different when I grew up more,
Moved into the world as an adult with a core.
Keeping mum, not talking became a handicap then,
I made no friends and was misunderstood often.

Although I was a gentle, humble, harmless soul,
I was often labeled arrogant and self-centered bore.
I found no words to start an interesting conversation,
My handicap brought in me a feeling of desperation.

A sense of loneliness was fast growing up in me,
I couldn't cheer anyone, so no one ever cheered me.

Life became so boring, so dull and humdrum,
I badly needed a change to come out of my doldrums.

I somehow wanted to break and shake away my shackles,
Get rid of my handicap and profusely talk and chatter.
Dale Carnegie's, " How to Win Friends and Influence People"
Liberated me as I learnt the art of interacting with people.

Living with and learning from great books and men,
I gradually transformed myself into an acceptable man.
Who liked to meet people and could talk to anyone,
Who took interest in others and had with them fun.

Communication friends is an art, no one is born with,
But this skill can be learnt and mastered to the hilt.
Like you learn music, drawing, acting, and others,
Learn the art of communication *early*, you'll love it dear!

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