

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 "ALONE" and "IT'S A DRAMA".

The Chief Editor

ALONE?

Yes, alone you came and alone you'll go,
That's how it appears son but is that so?
Alone you seem, yes but isn't that an illusion?
Alone you often feel-that's the mind's delusion!

Your day one, let's start in the mother's uterus,
You entirely lived on her through the umbilicus!
Day two, you came out and the cord was cut,
Mother's milk was ready to feed you to glut.

You then grew on wheat flour, cereals and the ilk,
You couldn't live a day if the farmer didn't till.
You needed clothes to protect you from heat and cold,
Not you but others provided you, that too manifolds!

How could you live alone, you must be joking my son,
If hundreds didn't serve, you won't survive in piece one.
Nature too- earth, rains, air, seasons and the sun,
Served you day and night so you could grow and run.

See your mind, how immature it was once,
If it weren't for your teachers, you could still be a dunce!
How many people provide support so that you may live?
Not one day, not one day, alone on your own can you live!

All creation is such; connections are by Nature in-built,
Each one appears alone, an island but is connected to the hilt.
Connections dear, are not just of inter-dependence,
They are even deeper- emotional and spiritual ones.

Each one is connected to all by one thread of Consciousness,
The same air we all inhale is a bridge of our connectedness.
Also each lives in the same one infinite space, the atmosphere,
Connections are galore, feel not alone son, be a good observer!

IT'S A DRAMA

The Earth is created like a giant theater stage,
A drama is in progress as you enter the stage in grace.
The script is given to you part by part as the drama unfolds,
You don't know tomorrow's role; that The Director holds.

Not tomorrow, the next moment may itself a surprise hold,
It's moment by moment that the scene unfolds.
So you live by each moment and perform as directed,
If nothing is at hand you be in peace and be rested.

You know you came empty handed as you joined the scene,
Empty handed you'll leave as you exit the stage and scene.
Knowing this too well yet you take the drama as serious & real;
You get serious about the fakes and get involved in it like hell?

Drama was already happening, as you entered the stage,
It will continue to unfold even after your exit from the stage.
If you know it as a drama, you can't but smile as you leave,
Here imperturbability, equanimity do surely keep the peace.

All your favourite acquisitions that you fondly call your own,
All your earthly relations you gathered in your sojourn,
They too are part of the drama, sorry; them you don't own;
Calling anything your own, you must be a crazy clown!

Who're you but a traveler, all else is but your roles,
No attachment or expectation, have fun in your role.
When the scene is over don't stay stuck in that role,
Rest back in peace within as you're done with the role.

If you can't get out of a role with comfort and with ease,

You may create for self and others misery and disease.
'Role apart, I'm apart' if you know it and don't forget,
You'll live in lasting joy; peace won't leave your doorstep.

Drama through and through, life is from beginning to the end,
Don't take this earthly drama seriously; here no foe, no friend.
Don't judge or resist*, you just wonder as the drama unfolds,
Be a calm observer and do as The Director goads.

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* Eckhart Tolle: A New Earth: Awakening to your Life's Purpose Penguin Books, 2006