

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 “**Who Is He?**” and “**Walk, Don’t Run!**”

The Chief Editor

Who Is He?

I am not what I keep telling myself who I am,
I’m not even what they keep telling me who I am.
I am not what can be told well; well that’s who I am,
I’m an enigma, yes a mystery; well that is who I am.

I’m beyond words, beyond thoughts and stories,
Story of mine is not who I am; well I am not a story.
A certain story played out, yes, but how I became a story?
Story happening to me, well how it makes me into a story?

I’m not the story; though I’ve watched it at close quarters,
I have been its witness; I witnessed all its chapters.
The witness doesn’t become the witnessed, Sire,
I am not my story; do not mistake me Sire.

I was born in a small town; went to its school and college,
I studied sundry subjects; met many a friend and colleague.
Where is all that now but in my head stored as stories?
You say I am my memories, merely sheer my memories?

Give some credit to life, a person is not just his memories,
Is he not much more than his training, learning and memories?
Confining him to this or that is limiting his width and breadth,
His height is often much more and who can gauge his depth?

A person is an ‘unknown’; his limits may be unlimited,
Judge and label him not, for he may be the walking infinity!
Who knows? Who can judge? Who can say for sure?
Do keep the possibility, infinity may have come to the shore!

Walk, Don’t Run!

‘Walk, don’t run’ is a Hollywood movie of the seventies’,
Walk don’t run is a life’s formula; your peace it guaranties.
When you’re walking, just walk don’t run,
Don’t mix walking with running; while walking don’t run.

When I normally go for walking, my mind starts talking,
While I walk mechanically, my head is busy chatting.
Sometimes the thoughts are quite rapid and so changing,
My mind keeps running while my feet keep walking.

Today morning I told myself as I came out for walking,
I said today I'm going to only walk while walking.
I said I'm going out not for thinking but for walking,
And as I walked I made sure I was walking and not talking.

I just looked at Nature and people without commenting,
I watched for old memories cropping and imagination starting.
I watched my head for thoughts of past and future arising,
I watched the resulting peace of mind which was so rewarding.

My head was hollow and empty as I walked,
The peace was palpable and I felt joy as I walked.
There was no turmoil in the head, I wore no long face,
A gentle smile was spontaneous, it lit up my face.

Now as I walked, my head was light and mind at rest,
If it tried to move away I brought it back to its nest.
I looked straight with my mind's eye in the middle,
As the body walked, my mind rested in its saddle.

Dr. Anil Kumar Chawla, MD, MRCP (UK), FRCP (Glasgow)
Senior Consultant Physician, Global Hospital and Research Center
Mount Abu, Rajasthan, India, Email: chawla.ak@gmail.com