

## TALENT AND 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 a poem written by Dr A K Chawla demonstrating a unique talent. This poem is a reflection on his views on "THE HOSPITAL BED".

The Editor

### The Hospital Bed

The thing we dread, is the hospital bed,  
Though well-cushioned and with a fine linen spread,  
Its comfortable looks, give no peace; create fear instead,  
A hospital bed is a hospital bed, a thing we dread.

A modern hospital bed, is not an ordinary bed,  
It's all steel, a mini-machine, a gadget in fact,  
Elevate it, depress it, fold it at thirds; pull the railings up or down,  
You may roll it from place to place or lock it instead.

This machine costs no less than a fortune to get,  
The daily maintenance cost to the hospital, is no less.  
Perpetually in short supply, this wonderful contraption, the hospital bed  
Creates no cheer, doesn't eliminate fear, repels instead.

Why this fear, why this dread, from the humble hospital bed?  
Whose intentions are only to give comfort and rest.  
"Oh God! Save me, please save me from the hospital bed"  
"Why this prayer? What have I done?" asks the noble bed.

It's the fear of sickness, fear of ill-health, fear of pain and fear of unknown,  
Inevitable surrender to the wishes of doctors, of more or less renown,  
Besides the real pain, of innumerable needle pricks and pins,  
And a hundred limitations on movement, at free will.

From the endless investigations, they put you through,  
You often feel, you are their goat or a guinea pig,  
Junior and the senior staff, handle you, the way they please,  
For, you are now theirs; as you happen to be on that 'numbered bed'.

The disruption of personal and social life, and the long delays,  
The loss of independence and uncertainty of what is next,  
All these are no small reasons, to fear the hospital bed,  
So much so, that for some, its a constant nightmare ahead.

A bed is a bed, is a bed after all, it so seems but its not true,  
A bed at home and hotel denotes health and happiness,  
A hospital bed is bad news, means vulnerability and sickness,  
And varying amounts of anxiety, tension, depression and stress.

But dear friends, life is ever in a state of perpetual motion,  
Health, like everything else, is not an ever-lasting condition,  
So, when your train, on sickness station, stops;  
And nothing else gives you comfort, relief, solace or props.

You may then, find all these on the hospital bed,  
And then, please don't stay away in dread,  
From this otherwise feared, but well-meaning hospital bed,  
To once again pass from sickness, to health and vigour instead.

Look at positives, don't dwell on negatives,  
Teaches us the great hospital bed  
The number of patients sent home happy and well,  
Speaks volumes, on the goodness of 'our hospital bed'.

The gretest benefactor of sick mankind,  
Is undoubtedly this hospital bed.  
So salutations to that noble bed,  
Which means hope, salvation and freedom instead.

Anil Kumar Chawla, MD, MRCP(UK)  
Department of Medicine  
Salmaniya Medical Centre  
State of Bahrain