

## **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 "The Puppet" and "You won't Know".

**The Chief Editor**

## THE PUPPET

Romi was a beautiful puppet of Rome,  
Its Master the puppeteer was named Clone.  
Wherever the Master went he wasn't alone,  
Romi went with him for it worked for Clone.

The master made Romi dance day and night,  
He would move his head or limbs the way he might.  
He created such wonderful movements for Romi,  
The crowds were pleased with the sprightly Romi.

Soon something got into Romi's soft head,  
'Wow! How I dance and how I move my legs!'  
'How I make the crowds pleased and elated!'  
'The world would be sad if it weren't for me' he gloated.

Now day and night Romi thought in terms of only 'I'  
'I the dancer', 'I the wonderful': it was always me, my and I.  
Clone somehow could read what went on in Romi's head,  
'He' now made Romi dance to 'His' tune with a smile perfect!

When Romi looked around, this wisdom did dawn on him:  
'We aren't 'the movers' but 'the moved' and 'the driven!'  
'It seems we move on our own and our ego gets bloated big,'  
'What seems isn't here true; and ego is a foolish thing!'

As puppets our job is just to dance to the tunes of our Master,  
Let's merrily dance to the song and strings of 'the Great Puppeteer'.  
Why bother about the effect, the fruit or the tempo of the dance?  
The Master knows all, looks after well, and leaves nothing to chance!

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## YOU WON'T KNOW!

When the ground will slip from under your feet?  
You don't know.  
When a twister will blow you around?  
You won't know.

When you won't be able to clutch a ledge of land?  
You won't know.  
When your life will dangle and hang in the balance?  
You won't know.

When your life would be turned upside – down?  
You won't know.  
Where that upheaval awaits you?  
You won't know.

When a Hurricane or Tsunami would gobble you up?  
You won't know.  
Which corner of the globe you must absolutely avoid?  
You won't know.

When you go out and won't come back?  
You won't know.  
While you're breathing, how many breaths are left?  
You won't know.

Man, man, man, you know a lot, but the real essentials?  
You won't know.  
Why you came to this world, when and how you'll go?  
You won't know!

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