

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 **literary works**. This issue contains two poems titled “**I Love You!**” and “**Be Real!**”

The Chief Editor

I Love You!

I told her ‘I love you’, you’re beautiful,
I will be yours for ever so dutiful.
She looked at me for a moment in and out,
She gave me back her mind inside out.

“If I blow my nose and you see it you’ll run away,
I’ve indigestion, if I bring out my gases you won’t stay.
If I raise my arm, smelling my sweat will make you run away,
If I remove my make-up and charm you won’t stay.

The ups and downs of my body that you call beauty,
They are just lumps of fat and muscle, is that beauty?
The appearance of my body wherein you see pleasure,
You are living in a fool’s paradise; that is no treasure.

When you annoy me and I get angry, you’ll have to pay,
When you upset me and I start crying, you won’t have a way.
When I am upset, you better know I can be upset for days,
You will run away, you won’t stay, no one can stay.

I am pure illusion just like the mirage in a desert,
What you see as me with your eyes won’t give you comfort.
The body parts that appear tight will soon begin to sag,
You’ll then like to run away from me just like a jungle stag.

She continued and continued and continued to tell her story,
‘You love only yourself’, she said; your ‘I love you’ is a story.
I had to give a rethink to ‘I love you’ and became quite weary!
This ‘I love you’ we say so often, has now become so dreary.

She was of a deep mind and raised pertinent questions,
What is this ‘I’, what’s ‘you’ and what’s love are primary questions.
Who loves whom? I can’t figure out this basic riddle,
I’m still lost; what do you say? What’s the answer to this riddle?

Be Real!

What is non-existent now is unreal,
You can't see, hear, feel, taste or smell it, it's unreal.
Reality of existence is in relation to the here and now,
Real is what is there this moment, just now.

Had existed is not real for it is not here and now,
Will exist or can exist is also not real in the now.
Is existent, is present, that alone is real, isn't it true?
Whatever is there now, that truly is real, sounds true.

If you want to be a real person, you always be real,
Real person is he who only dwells in the real.
Real he alone can be who always shuns the unreal,
Shunning unreal is the key to being real.

Memories only seem real and they pull your attention,
Shun them good or bad, and live free of guilt or tension.
If you dwell in memories you're living in the unreal,
You'll be lost to the present and become unreal.

Imagination and day-dreaming have a great pull too,
Future may seem so pleasant you start living in it too.
But future is unreal don't dwell in it to be real,
Howsoever rosy, let go of castles in the air and be real.

Watch if your attention wanders in to the realms of unreal,
Be vigilant, don't get lost and start dwelling in the unreal.
Know unreal to be unreal; come back soon to the real,
To be a real person you must always dwell in the real.

Live in the present always, body, soul and mind,
Present alone is real; rest is the play of mind.
Bring yourself to the present each moment by moment,
This moment is real, to be real live fully in this moment.

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