

## 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 pieces of poetry demonstrating a unique gentle talent.

### THE OTHER UMBILICUS

When a baby comes out of its mother's womb,  
The umbilical cord is cut and tied,  
The baby utters a vehement cry,  
All is well, everyone is happy and smiles.

But, if the baby is born and wouldn't cry,  
The hue is blue; Apgar score is three or two,  
The doctor fervently taps its back and sucks the throat dry,  
To make it cry.

Troubled by the beating and the irritation,  
The baby emits an angry, incessant cry,  
The colour turns to pink; the baby is active and spry,  
Apgar is now ten; the doctor is relieved and smiles.

With the first cry, goes in the first breath of air,  
Which blows in life - the most vital oxygen,  
For, when one umbilical cord is cut,  
The other must soon connect,  
Just to keep the life in motion.

If somehow, the other cord, the breath, failed to connect,  
Within minutes, the Apgar would fall from three to nil,  
The colour would turn from blue to black,  
The fuse would blow, life would cease to glow.

The other umbilical cord, made of linear breaths of air,  
Hangs us through our mouths and noses,  
To the womb of mother Nature,  
This vital connection must go on and on,  
As long on, as life itself goes on.

We all hang on to our one mother Nature,  
With the same umbilical cord, the breath,  
Believe it or not, the truth remains for all to see,  
We are the children of the same Mother; and hence Brothers!

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#### WIN THE MRCP GAME

Like every game has got its rules,  
Its technique, style and its tools;  
MRCP is different, but is a game all the same,  
Some of its rules are laid out, while others remain unknown.

You may play a game for fun and pleasure,  
But you always like to win,  
The boost that victory gives to you,  
Is so important in this career game.

This game is mostly played, against learned professors,  
Who are the other side and let the ball rolling;  
With every question they ask, the ball is put in your court,  
To give you a fair chance, to hit and score and win.

Take a good social history in the long case,  
Be systematic and thorough in every short case,  
Think and answer well in the viva voce,  
Stay cool throughout and you've won the race.

They are looking for some confidence,  
Your accuracy and approach;  
And if you scored a few clear goals,  
A miss or two they would ignore.

In a short encounter of two hours,  
They have to be forcefully convinced,  
That you are capable and brilliant;  
And can handle everything.

Once happy with your performance,  
And convinced of your abilities,  
They would stand up and open, the gate, to let you in,  
And offer you the membership, of this Royal Hall of Fame.

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