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 two pieces of poems demonstrating a unique talent; one is a reflection of human lives and the other is the lives of doctors'.

The Editor

FROM ONE CAVITY TO ANOTHER

We begin our journey in the mother's womb, A cavity that keeps us cosy for nine months long, The zygote divides into two, then four, in a regular fashion When the 'Soul' enters, is still a matter of speculation.

We, then grow and grow till we nearly fill the cavity, And when it can't hold us, we do gracefully come out, Or more often we are simply forced out! From a cosy, small cavity, into such a wide open space, It's irritating at first, but soon we begin to like this place.

This place, this world, this wide planet earth, Is but a small space, in the wider Universe. In this world too, we continue to multiply and grow, We build cosy houses as cavities to live and glow.

We grow and get wise, we travel and talk a lot, "And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot, And thereby hangs a tale", so the Bard of Avon* said.

Like any tale, our journey begun must come to an end,
From a cavity begun, into a cavity must end,
When the wide world can't hold us any more,
We enter another cavity, the grave, for eternal rest,
From where, for sure, we can be forced out nowhere, no more.

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OUR (DOCTORS') LIVES

We see so much misery all our lives, At such close quarters, day in and out, So much pain and suffering; the departing of human lives, It's strange that lasting sorrow, doesn't grip our lives.

A sense of scientific aloofness and philosophical detachment, Must keep us insulated and protected, to lead our own lives. The observed human suffering, we keep as an external event, If we internalised all this sorrow, we couldn't survive.

We must be protecting ourselves in several ways, To stay alive, healthy, happy and gay. We sympathise and empathise, with a fellow's sorrow and pain, But get energised and activated, to relieve the hurt or pain.

The sense of achievement in the relief of others' pain, The sense of mastery in the cure of symptom and disease, The challenge of bringing disease and sickness to an end, Is enough to keep us kicking, throughout our own short lives.

The rewards are not small, they too keep us going, We share the joy and happiness, of a relieved and cured patient, And of a baby being born, a child getting well and the relief of loving parents, We celebrate and toast the health, of each health restored person.

The sense of gratitude we are shown, the feeling of 'God' we are given,
Are often so overwhelming and truly so encouraging,
We redouble our efforts, to master our techniques,
To conquer disease and to give relief.

Our lives are busy, there is no doubt, There is often little time, for family and pleasure - pursuits, But surely we lead purposeful, meaningful and useful lives, In God's creation, we couldn't have asked for better or more.

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^{*} Bard of Avon = William Shakespeare: in "As you Like It".