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I: HISTORY OF MIND DYSPEPSIA AND GREAT PERSONALITIES

When the mind suffers from dyspepsia

Ingests some food it cannot cope with

Or encounters a difficult situation

With no obvious solution

It manifests as depression

Then sometimes hope hangs forlorn

Punctuated precariously

At the tip of a fishing hook;

Grandpa used to have it

And asked me to massage

His legs for relief

Paid me five cents a session

Big money in those days

*Virginia Wolff suffered
Post natal blues
Each time she delivered a novel,
Sylvia Plath, talented poet of great darkness
Was inspired by melancholy,
T S Elliot composed Wasteland
During Great Depression,
Ernest Hemingway won Nobel prize
For Old Man and the Sea
Word mastery of the English language
Autographed his own demise
A bullet wound to the head
Victim of stroke and depression,
According to Doctor Watson
Sherlock Holmes added cocaine
As he smoked tobacco in his pipe
While playing the violin,
In dire necessity he approached Watson
For a shot of seven and a half percent solution*

*Ah Lian in Singapore
Would puff the magic dragon
Ah Beng would snort it off
Many others would simply
Go shopping lah, retail therapy
So they say, some even shoplift*

*Alternative Asean remedy
Go visit Kampong Melayu
Look for Pak Salleh
You will find him sleeping
Under a coconut palm
Smoking a red cheroot,
When awake he draws cartoons
To compensate for his wife's nagging,
Mat Zain told me
Salleh further inspired
When she pulled his ear*

II: MIND BOGGLING THROUGH THE MAZE (EVERYTHING SEEMS WRONG)

*Mind dyspepsia, a common ailment
No instant relief, sometimes a disaster
So when plagued what to do
Let me find the ME first
Then we can walk the I
Lay bare the fabric, soul of dyspepsia*

*Confound this malady
Stirring the firmament of the mind
So prod me Doc, strip
Analyse, dissect, freeze
And cryopreserve for posterity
Diagnose the root cause of the spell*

*Save me, prescribe
A wheelchair for my mind
So I can go about like other people
Rid of this chop suey, pig swill
Crawling through my innards
I am lost within this serperginous
Labyrinth of incognito*

III: SYMBOLIC DEATH (CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE)

*A fine malady indeed
Like stale cigar or rancid butter
Mired in the swampland of the mind
An idling mindless oblivion
Whirring and orbiting endlessly
On an old and squeaky gramophone record
Old love turned distasteful
Serenading secrecy in some dark recess
Churning within the whirlpool of the mind*

*Come dip the shrouded ME
Gently lay my soul to rest
Embalm the entrails
The tortured thought processes
Scattering red maple leaves and fresh pine needles
Offering three cups of Oolong tea
Burning choiced incense of sandalwood,*

*At the third chiming of the temple bells
And the knocking of the fish
Release the floodgates
Unhinge the gridlock securing mind and body
Release the corpse of my mind
Into the nether world
Let my mind wallow in Dante's inferno
Vapourise the guilt said the thunder to the sun*

IV: REBIRTH (RECOVERING)

*Drunk with melancholy
Rendered dull insensate by grim solace
Measuring lifedrops in spoonfuls
Parched melon seeds
Conk conk conking of seashells
Preview nights of iguana and sandpipers
Wan moon about to be lit
Like crescenteric nephritis, fireworks
Course through punctured veins
Caress the fevered brain
Entwine with strains of Harlequin
Under a tree in Paris
Warm eyes pillowing
Licking billowing flames
From disemboweled thoughts*

Midnight at Moulin Rouge
Starburst in icy Alaska
Straddling strawberries betwixt
Your tongue and my lips
A rendezvous of clinking glasses
Perched on the balcony
Guzzling fire water down our throats
Reminiscing, slothful unwashed bodies
Scent of used lingerie
Familiar, warm, sensuous
Rekindling old infatuation
Bedroom slippers, mug of coffee
Spilled sugar carpeting old wounds
Whirring, incessant whirring
Ceiling fan like broken wings
Of long dead cicadas
Fanning my face

V: RESURRECTION (FEELING GOOD AGAIN)

Do I proclaim resurrection
And embrace existentialism
Revel, behold the man!
Prise open the empty casket
Unveil the chamber of oblivion
Cold refuge of incarceration

Play the entrapment DVD.....
Last night we met in the moonlight
Had such a wonderful time at Mont D'Or
And we were like kismet
Durian flavouring your mouth
We were dancing, such sweet melody
And the waltz it has begun
Your captivating smile
Someone as delectable as you
I am truly lost in paradise
Shimmering raindrops in your hair
Caressing your sweet cheeks to mine
I belief I'm in love again

In the twilight remembering
The songs we had sung
I held my warm hands to your heart
Clasping fingers blanketing
The cold bosom of your thoughts
We were together and we laughed
Talking with our eyes
Caressing lips yours and mine
Whimsical, you have always been

VI: WHAT'S UP DOC?

Darn if I would say so

Dare I lay bare

This lonesome loneliness

Mindless dyspepsia what did I eat

Let me drink the nectar of warm remorse

Purge me of this poison

Rid me of guilt and sin

Come Doc, psychoanalyse

Dissect the grey matter

Count the number of sulci

Pluck out the grey cells, the thinking bits

Incise, scapel away the dura

Make brain soup of my thoughts

Refashion, perform cosmic mind nintendo

Immortalize with fresh stem cells

In the hypnotic harvest

Delete, delete all hallucinations

All malifcence, shatter all symbols

Discard mirror images

Refresh, distil and instill

Resynthesise, make me whole again

With a new face for the mind

Gently pluck away

The turbulent stirrings of neuroglia

Harness the windmill of my thoughts

*Sublimate gross disenchantment
Unfathom the melancholy, set me free
Conquer the Everest of Depression
And at the summit sing a lullaby
Mummify the pounding heartache
The chilli padi burning within me
Toll my soul back to
My wayward mind
Fumigate and dispossess
Make me one with humanity
Sanitized like new canvases
Awaiting a fresh coat of allure
Alleluia, allelulia*

VII: ADIEU, MON AMI

*Hi its ME, newly incorporated
Liberace sans Functional Dyspepsia
a.k.a. Dementia Gastro Temporalis
Feel with gusto, firepower of Chimchar
Divine virtue of creativity
Eat, drink, man, woman
Drink from the temple of life
Ritz Carlton of hope
Another cup of mocca*

Listening to Tracy Huang

A kiss is just a kiss

In Casablanca

And I am done

Until my next bout

See you Doc, but not so soon

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