

Anonymous limerick:

The Course of Syphilis

There was a young man from Black Bay
Who thought syphilis just went away
He believed that a chancre
Was only a canker
That healed in a week and a day.

But now he has “acne vulgaris” –
(Or whatever they call it in Paris);
On his skin it has spread
From his feet to his head,
And his friends want to know where his hair is.

There's more to his terrible plight
His pupils won't close in the light
His heart is cavorting,
His wife is aborting,
And he squints through his gun-barrel sight.

Arthralgia cuts into his slumber;
His aorta is in need of a plumber;
But now he has tabes,
And saber-shinned babies,
While of gummas he has quite a number.

He's been treated in every known way,
But his spirochetes grow day by day;
He's developed paresis,
Has long talks with Jesus,
And thinks he's the Queen of the May.

(P. 765 in: Prescott, L.M., Harley, J.P.
and Klein, D.A.: Microbiology, 3rd Ed.,
Wm.C.Brown Publ., Dubuque 1996)

Anonymní limerik:

Průběh syfilis

Byl jeden mladý lovec žen
Syfilis? Řek' si: drobnost jen
Myslel že jeho tvrdý vřed
Je legrace co zmizí hned
Že uzdraví se za týden

Akné vulgaris dostal však
(v Paříži jmenují to tak?)
Vyrážka divná jakási
Od palců nohou po vlasy
Jež ostatně mu slezly pak.

Nemá to však jen na kůži.
Zorničky světlo neúží
I srdce se mu krabatí
A jeho žena potratí
Šilháním taky neduží.

Bolestí spát už nezvládá
Aorta se mu rozpadá
Tabické strasti překruté
A děti? Nožky zahnuté!
A v těle gummat nadvláda.

Jak mohli, tak ho léčili
Mikrob byl ale přečilý
Obrna tělo přemohla
modlitba zázrak nezmožila;
nakonec z toho zešílí.

Přeložil O. Z.