

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, 3<sup>rd</sup> 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 nezmohla;  
nakonec z toho zešílí.

Přeložil O. Z.